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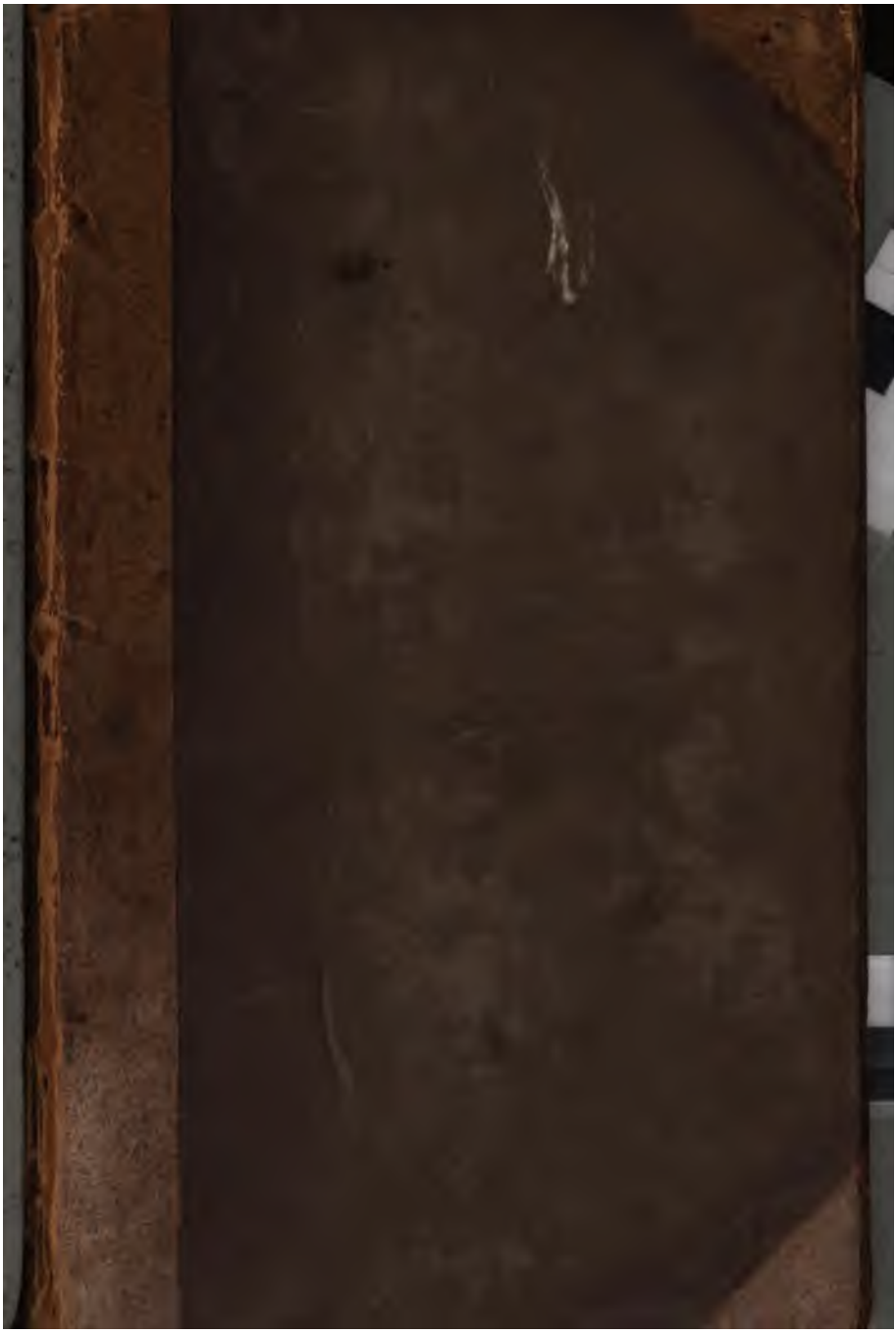

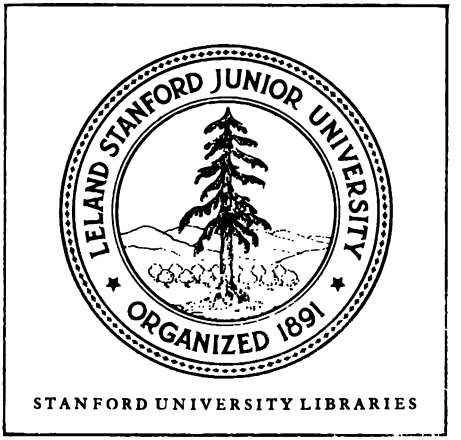
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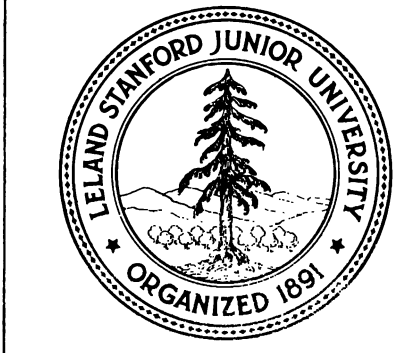

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WOMAN;

OR,

IDA OF ATHENS.

To him who has been reared in the school of indulgence, whose success has been proportioned to his exertions, and whose life, if not distinguished by a dazzling prosperity, has been unvaried by striking vicissitudes; the disappointment of a dominant passion—the extinction of a cherished hope, awakens a feeling of unqualified anguish, proportioned less to the consequence of the event, than to the tone of

the unpractised feelings on which it acts.

The mortified, the disappointed, and still enamoured englishman, could find no resource within himself to combat the passion and resentment which the athenian girl had awakened. It was in vain that he was busied during the night, in giving orders to his servants, relative to his departure the next day; in writing letters of thanks to the archon Rosemeli--to the French Consul, and the superiour of the French convent of Capuchins--that he wooed the power of indifference, or courted back the faded dream of ambition. Ida, for ever loved, for ever lost, still rose to his imagination, and unable to resign the lingering hope, his mistaken sentiment of her character had given birth to, yet unequal to vanquish a prejudice which had so intimately associated

itself with every idea of his mind, which had so long regulated his feelings and governed his life. He sat down to write to her in that delicate, equivocal, and ardent style of which he was peculiarly the master; which, without ascertaining his precise intentions, seemed to breathe the conversion of his sentiments to her's; and to point out her flight with him to Italy, as the first step towards the accomplishment of an event, pregnant with felicity to both. All that sophistry could urge, or passion dictate, animated a production on which his last hopes rested, and which, couched in seductive eloquence, aimed itself at her passions, her ambition, and her heart. It was sent with the dawn by a trusty servant, experienced in the embassies of his master's love. With a dispatch unexpected, as desired, he returned within an hour; his breathless

master snatched the packet he presented, he burst the seal, and found his own letter; it had been opened; on its cover was written the following sentence: "There can be no individual happiness but that which harmonizes with the happiness of society; there may be virtue without felicity, but there can be no felicity without virtue. Your letter has a thousand charms! but your arguments carry not a single conviction; they are untrue to nature, and must be false to reason! Again farewell, interesting, but deluded stranger; consult the natural feelings of your heart, and they will correct the errors which prejudice has instilled into your mind. Farewell——depart——and forget me. —Ida."

In the coldness of this little address, the englishman might have traced the wounded feelings of a pure and delicate

soul, indignant at an insult offered, where tenderness had been lavished, and esteem expected: but, biased by opinions formed on the experience of sophisticated and corrupt habits, he saw in the severity of Ida's sentiments, only the indifference of a coquette, who had made his feelings the victims of her own vanity and ambition. Wounded on the very nerve of his predominant weakness, piqued, mortified, and self-abashed, he tore his letter, and the lines traced on its cover, exclaiming with a smile, "Yes, my sweet athenian, you shall be obeyed, and must be forgotten;" and taking an abrupt farewell of Stamati and his mother, hurried to the Volik that awaited him at the Piræus. As it receded from the classic coast of Livadia—as its keel cut the blue wave of the Engia, and its sails were filled with the soft and fra-

grant breeze of Ionia, the englishman, with the sigh of sorrow, that lifts itself slowly from the oppressed and disappointed heart, and hangs lingering and broken on the breath, fixed his eye on the little verdant promontory, which, darting into the gulph of Engia, seems to steal from beneath the shelter of that beautiful grove, for ever sacred, in his imagination, to IDA and to LOVE. He thought he perceived the snowy pillars of the portico, gleaming to the sun-beam through the intervals of the trees that embosomed it, and fancy, animated by tenderness and regret, extended his gaze to that simple and delicious apartment, where at that very hour he had first beheld the archon's daughter, and where the bliss-respiring form of the young, the lovely Greek, gave birth to sentiments, and awakened views, her mind, her virtue, and her

reason had proved falacious. Feelings of irritation gave way to sentiments of tender sorrow. The world, its cold and heartless maxims were arraigned, and Ida, at once true to nature, and to virtue, stood acquitted and approved: he called to his recollection the innocence and utility of her life, her love of country, and devotion to domestic duty. The unstudied graces of her artless manners, the ardent feelings of her tender heart, the warm enthusiasm of her character, which, apparently alive to every pleasure she inspired, seemed capable to sacrifice every pleasure she felt, which lay unguardedly exposed to enterprize, yet seemed always endowed with an unvanquishable power of resistance! "Lovely and unequalled Ida," he passionately exclaimed, "creature of sentiment and of love, child of reason and of pleasure, how

is it that in thee alone the elements of intellect and sense are so deliciously blended, that alive to every impulse of nature you establish the dictates of reason upon her suggestion; and created equally to enjoy and to resist, are the most virtuous of women, only because you are the most natural of beings?"

To those who resort not to the light of nature as the origin of truth, who see only through the medium of a time-sanctioned prejudice, and regulate their ideas by the rule of a popular opinion, who establish their faith on the documents of man, and neglect the intelligence which is equally bestowed on all by God, the character which defied the comprehension of the englishman may appear incongruous and unattainable! It is by tracing the progress of its formation, under the influence of

philosophy and nature, that its feelings and its qualities may be found reconcileable to both.

The youngest of two sons of a Smyrnian factor, becoming the early possessor of liberal independence by the bequest of an opulent and deceased relative, was, according to the will of his benefactor, sent to England to receive his education. Alienated from his birth, by the partiality of his parents to an elder son, he was suffered to remain in the cottage of the Natolian peasant who nursed him, till he had attained his thirteenth year. Brought up amidst the lovely scenes and lovely forms which the enchanting shores of Asia Minor so frequently possessed; witnessing the felicity of a natural and happy people, who united to the richest gifts of bounteous nature that liberty so seldom found beneath the

tyranny of the Turkish empire*; the impulses of an ardent nature, the pursuits of innocent pleasure, had alone occupied his being. Neither compelled to work, nor obliged to study, the free, the joyous sports of youth, were only interrupted by a constitutional propensity to indolent repose, and pensive meditation.

The young Smyrnian brought with him to England an imagination deeply impressed with the scenes and imagery of his early life—he brought with him a character already formed upon an eastern model; gentle, ardent, mild, yet energetic, of an exquisite sensibility, and of a passionate yet melancholy temperament.

Unhappily, he also brought with him

* The wealth of several individuals at Smyrna maintains a system of independence in its environs, which is increasing its progress every day. *De Tott. Vol. II.* 366.

an eastern constitution, on which the sharpness of a chill northern climate began an early ravage. An alien in the native land of his parents, committed to the care of strangers, unrestrained and unguided, while his memory was stored by the routine of public education, his heart was suffered to cultivate its own feelings, his reason to ascertain its own faculties, unclouded by the prejudices of officious and ignorant friends, whose mistaken affection and blind self-love, are so careful to propagate the errors, by which they are themselves estranged from reason, and from truth; his affections exhausted under the influence of unrestrained feelings, and his mind firm, independent, and inquiring, pursued nature, and found in her the principle of love, of wisdom, and felicity.

His early estrangement from his

parents left them no claim on his affections. His property rivetted him to England; and he soon became bound to it by a stronger tie than that of interest. His mind devoted to the philosophy of nature, his heart formed for the generous feelings of friendship, and the whole force and energy of his being tending towards the most overwhelming passion of the human heart, estranged from general society, by delicacy of constitution, by habits of study and reflection, he became the most generous, the most affectionate of friends, to a man of brilliant talent, who had been his preceptor at College; he became the most passionate, the most devoted of lovers to a woman, who found her way to his heart through the medium of his compassion! It was the power of relieving the difficulties of his tutor, that first made him the friend of the man, whose benefactor

he afterwards became. It was in rescuing the parent from impending distress, that he found himself enamoured of a lovely daughter, whom he afterwards made his wife. With the woman he adored—with the friend he loved, in literary pursuit, and rural retirement, a few years of more felicity became the purchase of a sad reverse of fate. Deceived by her he loved; betrayed by him he trusted, abandoned by both, he found ingratitude and perfidy the reward of love and confidence. He pursued not the fugitives; sensibility of soul—delicacy of constitution were unequal to the shock; he sunk beneath it. Sickness and debility prayed upon the very principles of life: time amended but could not recover his health. His physicians advised a milder climate, and his feelings, rather than his inclination, led him to adopt their counsel; he was prepared to die—but to live in

England was impossible! and eight years were passed in travelling through the southern countries of Europe!

To whatever direction he turned his steps, the misery and error of man met his eyes—every where he observed the existence of physical evil, produced by the outrages committed on nature; and moral disorder, every where produced by the prejudice and corruption of society. "It is," said he, "from the harmonies and conformities of nature, that man should borrow his political and moral adaptions, and learn from the Legislature of the Universe those beneficent laws, which should form the social compact of mankind. Whenever the institutions of government shall tend to excite and develope the natural sensibility of man, the happiness of the state will be affected, for virtue itself is but composed of the affections; and the maxim of wisdom, or the exertion

of art, proceeds only from that secret impulse, by which nature urges man, to enlighten and to cherish his brother man. Nature has only given us desires, whose gratification is enjoyment; but society in its gradual estrangement from her dictates, engenders passions which become the scourge of those who cherish them; man, naturally beneficent, becomes a tyrant—man, naturally free, becomes a slave; and religion, which is of nature, conveyed through the senses to the soul, awakening its gratitude, and commanding its adoration, becomes an incomprehensible dogma, propagated by cruelty and fanaticism; disfigured by human invention on every side, breaking the tie of human sympathy, scattering discord and disorder through nations, founding its merits upon earthly privation, and imposing its belief by eternal terrors. In

every religion may be traced the arrogant faith of its own infallibility, and in the breast of every fanatic sectarian is established a secret inquisition by which the opinion of others is tried and condemned on every side. Virtue and felicity are of nature! on every side vice and misery are of man."

It was thus he spoke—yet he remembered the wisdom and happiness of ancient Greece, and he looked forward to the enlightened felicity of modern Europe. "Man," he said, "in his gregarious and social, resembles man in his natural, and solitary, state; and society in its progress is still propelled towards the perfection of that nature which governs its earliest infancy, and which to recover, and to imitate, is but a simpler term for the combinations of genius, the inventions of art, the intelligence of wisdom, and the supremacy of virtue."

He already beheld the hand of philosophy stealing from nature the veil, by which prejudice had obscured her light. And the nations of Europe, first among the nations of the earth, to hail the glorious beam, that dispelled the gloomy illusions of tyranny and fanaticism, and shone brightly on the sacred truth, that natural and moral liberty are the inheritance of MAN from GOD!

With such feelings, with such opinions, the amiable sage bade adieu to Europe, and sought his beautiful and native country.—Arrived at his paternal abode, sorrow and disappointment received him at its threshold—his parents were dead—his brother had gone to join a merchant's house in Constantinople; and an only sister had married an athenian archon, and resided with her husband in his native

country. With a thrill of delight he believed himself incapable of feeling, he embarked on the Archipelago for Athens—that region of genius! of heroism and the graces! whose government had once been the wisest, whose people had once been the happiest, because its laws and its religion tended to confirm the impulses of nature to liberty and pleasure, to preserve the sacred rights of humanity, to diffuse equally the privileges of denization, and to distinguish the citizen only by the benefits he conferred on the community.

"Amiable and enlightened nation! (he exclaimed) as he caught a glimpse of the splendid ruins of its Acropolis! if from the victor arms of Rome, empire extended his sway, and gave birth to slavery and crime, it was your patriotism and genius that gave birth to

freedom, and polished while they enlightened the world!"

Arrived at the house of his brother-in-law, his welcome was as animated as surprize and pleasure could make it, and kind as athenian courtesy could render it; but his sister was no more! She had died in giving birth to a daughter who was then in her second year, and whom he found in the arms of a tender and caressing parent. The archon suddenly called away, left the child on the carpet of the kiosk, where his brother was taking refreshments, and threw it sweetmeats and flowers to occupy its attention till his return; this little art harmonized with the feelings and ideas of the stranger. The child partook of the sweetmeats, inhaled the breath of the flowers, and smiled as she gazed on their beautiful and vivid hues. "Such (said he,)

are the simple wants, and simple pleasures of infant nature! Here are the early desires, and early enjoyments of our being; where are the passions that disfigure, and the vices that degrade, our after existence." The child now extended its cherub form on the carpet, with the grace so peculiar to infancy; no ligatures restrained the formation and the growth of those beautiful proportions, which nature only perfects, and art can only injure. All children are charming! their calm and innocent countenances, seem stamped with the impress of a celestial origin; they are so fresh from the hands of their Creator, that traits of human defect are not yet visible in their expression. The Greek children are peculiarly beautiful, and the daughter of the athenian archon was singularly beautiful even for a Greek. Her kinsman gazed on her

with the eye of a painter and a poet, but with the heart of a philanthropist, and the mind of a sage. "Such," said he, "was the exquisite beauty with which a liberal nature gifted the happy native of this happy latitude, and which long preserved its character, under a government, which far from cramping or withering its charms, by ridiculous restraint, and gothic laws, deified its nature and its influence.* Lovely infant! thou hast drawn thy first breath in a climate, whose delicious temperature produces impulsions to the mildest virtues, and tendencies to the most delicate pleasures: born amidst the splendid wreck of thy country's ruined grandeur, surrounded by scenes of native loveliness, by objects of ruined magnificence, the first impressions conveyed by thy senses to

* See note (a) at the end of the volume.

thy mind, will be tinged with the beautiful, or stamped with the sublime, thy first feelings will be of love, and admiration, and thy first sensations of pleasure and delight. But with what pains will these charming and natural traits be irradicated from thy character, what restraint will be imposed on thy feelings, what errors communicated to thy judgment, and what prejudices implanted in thy mind.

"Yet---oh, no!—it shall not be, if I can prevent it. I have felt the fatal power of thy charming sex! and I know, its potent influence on society: in every stage of life that influence is asserted;—it is the mother that gives the first impression!—'tis the mistress that awakens the first feeling!—Woman! it is to you the destiny of man is committed! 'tis you who govern the strongest impulse—the greatest passion of which his being is susceptible; and

yet what pains are taken to efface the traces of nature from thy mind, and substitute art and prejudice and error in their place! Oh!" he added, kneeling beside the child, who stretched itself towards him with the smile of a seraph, while he forced it to his bosom,—"oh, woman! I have found thee in thy purest state—I have found thee formed of the mildest elements—I have found thee formed under the happiest clime! Thy respiration is of Heaven's purest breath, thy first glance drinks its purest light. I have found thee surrounded by forms and scenes, where every thing harmonizes with that brilliancy of imagination, that sensibility of feeling—that innate tendency to ideal beauty, and that native disposition to passionate emotions, which naturally distinguish the children of your beautiful country, when moral

causes do not counteract the blessed gifts of Providence. Thus have I found thee; and if it were reserved for me to watch the progress of thy growing charms! to guard! to guide, but not restrain thy love, nature——"

At that moment the archon appeared and found his lovely infant in the arms of his brother. With enthusiasm, with energy, he repeated to the archon his thoughts, his wishes, and his hopes! "You will marry," he added, "like the rest of your countrymen: you will look forward to a numerous progeny,* the sons of another marriage will weaken the interest now felt for the only child of a former union, and the mother you will give her, will but ill

* "The Greeks," says de Guise, "look forward to a numerous progeny, who shall at some future period recover all the territories the Turks have ravaged from them."

supply the place of her she has lost. I have no children—I have no tie, and the still warm feelings of my heart call for an object to receive its tenderness. I have a small independent property, and I would bequeath it as my heart should dictate—give me then this charming infant as the child of my adoption. In being the idol of my care, she shall still remain the object of your love and observation: I have sold my property in England, I have deposited in the hands of a London merchant, a sum, which will leave independence to your daughter, beyond the power of Greek extravagance, or Turkish rapacity, to injure; with the overplus, I shall purchase an estate in Livadia, which at my death shall become your possession: I have nothing more to urge."

A proposal which was at once so re-

concilable to his interests and feelings, was accepted without hesitation by the archon. He thanked his brother-in-law with all the florid eloquence of a Greek; and added, Ida then is your's. In a little time I should have made her over to the care and instruction of a diako,* a stranger and an hireling whom sordid interest would alone have actuated; what a happy reverse! I resign her to the tender arms and sage instructions of a friend and kinsman.

To a warm, but disappointed heart—to an unvitiated and active mind, there is always an unspeakable charm, connected with the cultivation, the improvement, and correction of that spot,

*The diako is a preceptor (generally a kind of ecclesiastic) tantamount to the abbe in the old French regime; in all Greek families of high respectability, the young females are committed to the care of a diako.

which is to be the last home of our human repose; where, in the evening of life, we seek rest for our wearied being—and find a haven, for feelings long agitated, and faculties long exhausted, when passion has had its hour, and ambition its days, when the mind turns to reflection for enjoyment, and the senses to repose for pleasure—then, a natural instinct draws us back to natural scenes; and the farm of Cincinnatus is sought for, or the Laurentinum of Cicero resorted to.

It was in the irregular edifice, of an opulent and deceased Turk, on the shores of the Engia the ancient Sea of Saron, and at a small distance from the fort of the chain of Hymettus—that the amiable preceptor of Ida Rosemeli, retired from the world with his infant charge. While the philosopher, who retiring to the cave of mount Pe-

lion, drew after him in the poetic language of the day—"the muses, the graces, and the loves," fond of agricultural improvement, his well cultivated farm gave subsistence and employment to the indigent and laborious; and the Albanian slave,* possessed under his protection, the comfort and independence of the English peasant. Devoted to picturesque and scenic beauty, his taste and care assembled round him the beautiful exotics, which, drawn from the neighbouring isles, and neighbouring shores, mingled their florid, glowing beauties, with the hardier offspring, of the more rigid soil of Athens. While the ruins of splendid temples, and elegant façades, supplied his portico and bath with that inimitable

* The agriculture of Livadia is entirely committed to the peasantry of Albania, who are poor, brave, and industrious

architecture, to whose perfection, modern genius has not yet attained. All around him breathed the pure and rich enjoyment nature dictates—the simplicity and moderation which wisdom orders.

But if the cultivation and adornment of his sweet retreat, varied the simple and interesting pursuits of his life—amused his fancy, or employed his taste, it was the education of his lovely charge that engaged the feelings of his heart—that awakened the energies of his mind—that commanded a livelier admiration in his soul. For the operations of nature, and the beautiful moral effects of which they are productive, he had adopted no system—he had laid down no method; he knew that to "*teach the young idea how to shoot,*" was more poetical in sound, than just, or practicable in application; and he

saw that nature brought with each day, her own progressive, perfect plan of education; he watched the senses, gradually correcting by hourly experience, the natural errors of a first timid experiment, and communicating to the intellectual power, those images from whence ideas spring, which, under the influence of moral sympathy, form their associations, and again expand themselves to new combinations; and he thought with a sigh of the folly of man, that forces on the memory of childhood a premature information which the senses have not yet experienced, and the mind is incapable of comprehending.

He knew that feeling preceded intelligence—that our wants render us affectionate, before our perceptions make us rational; and that consequently self and social love are the

first great springs, by which nature actuates and impels mankind.

Ida, therefore, impulsively clinging to those whose kindness formed her felicity, had not her warm and tender feelings thrown back upon herself by duties enforced beyond the ability of childish performance -- by the severity which awakens terror rather than conviction, and by the privation of the present joy, the threat of a future punishment, which renders fear the medium of that virtue which should be imbibed from peace, and love, and joy.

Considering the imagination as the mirror of the senses, which, though frequently transposing, is incapable of forming any image abstracted from the sensible impressions it has received, he saw the necessity of estranging from its pure and brilliant surface, those

equivocal or distorted objects which, untrue to nature, are but the phantoms of error, of ignorance, or superstition. Yet knowing the potent influence of this bright mimic faculty of human intellect, he placed within its sphere such objects as were only incentive to the purest pleasures. Such as awaken enthusiasm for deeds supremely great, or inspire a love for high ideal beauty; still drawing a moral inference from physical taste---still pursuing a sentiment in every object of sense.

While feeling and intelligence thus expanded together, the perceptions in their progress generalized the result of their experience, and proceeded from the observation of the elementary parts, to the great arrangement of the universal system; and, in the spirit, as in the forms, of nature, the moral, or material world—the awed—the ardent,

raptured soul, still traced the power of a superior mind, and saw in all adaption, harmony, beneficence, and love.—It was thus that the religion of Ida, blended with every sense and sentiment of her existence, formed its evidence in every object of the creation that surrounded her. It was no abstract idea which sophistry might dispute—it was a sensible feeling arising from the testimony of her senses, and the inference of her mind.—It was not a system established upon the faith which supports what it does not comprehend—which the theologist may vary—the philosopher oppose—and the sceptic deny: it was the pure, inevitable result of all she saw, of all she felt.

She beheld, and she adored—she enjoyed, and she was grateful! yet while her preceptor detailed to her in simple terms, the various religions of

the earth, and the various sects of each religion, he pointed out the necessity of supporting that decent respect for the popular religion of her country, which the wisdom of a Socrates and a Plato, thought not beneath them to adopt for their's, as a concession to those errors which the natural weakness of man brings with it.* While beneath the various forms, ceremonies, and errors, which the ignorance and superstition of man, or his estrangement from truth and nature, had invented as the medium of faith and proof of adoration, he convinced her that the religion of the heart was every where the same.

The morality of Ida was also like her religion, the result of her perception, and the inferences of her feeling. Happiness was the object of man, and, according to the harmony and adaption of the moral, as of the physical

* See note (b).

laws, by which the universe is governed, virtue could be the sole medium. But with Ida, virtue was no abstract term ideally conceived, or vaguely understood; as, for every natural blessing she enjoyed, she referred to heaven; so every action she performed, she referred to society; and the necessity of moral rectitude was evinced, as the inseparable connection between self and social love ascertained itself by the inevitable conviction, that whoever injures another, lays a precedent for an injury towards himself! while a delicate sense of moral justice (even independent of a consequent retribution from any direct violation of moral law) was borrowed from that obvious benevolence, which the Creator in all his works has displayed towards the created. The amiable preceptor of Ida had laid the basis of her education, in an observance

of the laws, operations, and forms of nature, and in the beneficence, wisdom, and power of Providence. What depended solely on man to teach, he communicated with caution; considering, that from a too great cultivation of memory* resulted a native barrenness of intellect—that the mind which has resorted most to the thoughts of others, can have fewest of its own—that the supremacy of genius is the inspiration of nature, and the mediocrity of talent, the imitation of art. The books he presented to her study, were few and select; the history which the philosopher had dictated, or the patriot recounted; the poetry which

* "Le tres grand esprit ne suppose pas toujours la tres grande memoire, l'extreme etendû de l'un est toujours exclusive de l'extreme etendue de l'autre."

Helvetius.

draws its sentiments from the heart, and its imagery from nature; and the biography which awakens a passionate admiration for great characters, an ardent enthusiasm for great deeds, or a noble ambition for high renown.

But while she perused with curiosity, and with that insatiate love of knowledge which her early habits had inspired, the history and laws of other countries, it was the history of her own, its heroes, its patriots, its philosophers, and its artists, that engaged her mind—interested her feelings—that warmed her imagination, and influenced her enthusiasm.

The simplicity—the elegance of its ancient manners; the delicate connection of grace, and strength; of heroism, and feeling; of pleasure, and of patriotism, distinguishable in the habits, the minds, and conduct of its people;

those institutions which tended to develope and increase the sensibility of the heart—to rouse the ambition of genius, and the emulation of talent—that religion so brilliant in its illusions, and so natural, so touching in its ceremonies; and that harmonious language, so rich in its expressions, so capable of painting the most delicate shades of feeling—of realizing the most evanescent forms of thought or fancy; all commanded a national admiration, a national pride, lively, pure, and enthusiastic; all was deducible from an adherence to nature, in a government whose basis was liberty—whose legislature cherished that moral elevation, which is so remote from a tame submission to idle prejudices; and gave to the ardour of generous passions, a brilliant and useful direction.

With that flexibility of organs, and

aptitude to learn languages, so peculiar to the region of which she was a native.* Ida, under a master who was himself from the circumstances of his life a perfect linguist, acquired with facility several languages, and though all were spoken with the accent of an athenian, her English and Italian, were pure and correct: while the insatiate passion of her country for music and dancing, was supremely her's, and simply acquired from inclination and example, without rule—without method; but always with sensibility and grace—the natural endowments of a woman and a Greek.

As the preceptor of Ida considered simplicity as the order of nature herself, equally necessary in a subject, an image, or term, as a perfection relative to the weakness of the human mind,

* See note (c).

and necessary towards the gradual acquisition of its intelligence, his instructions were conveyed in terms, simple, clear, and expressive of the qualities they were meant to define; while he sought to occupy, without fatiguing attention; and as frequently proposed the pursuit of pleasure as the acquirement of information. Convinced that the gratitude of Ida still pointed to Heaven, as did her conduct to society, he gave her up without reserve to the influence of those pleasurable enjoyments, which nature so eloquently dictates, and which invariably characterise her sex, her years, and her country. The odour of a perfumed atmosphere—the emanations of delicious flowers were inhaled—the luxury of a refreshing bath—the repose of a downy couch was enjoyed; and while the sufferings of others, whose destiny was less fortunate, was beheld

with tender sympathy and generous relief, the cheap and guileless pleasures of nature were enjoyed with that moderation which nature herself is sure to dictate.

Yet lovely as was the character—perfect as was the education of Ida in the eyes of her doating preceptor, it yet had not escaped that taint of imperfection to which all things human are invariably subject. It indeed left her natural, yet intelligent—tender, yet strong, with feelings at once regulated, and impassioned—at once true to nature, and to virtue; but it left her vain!—it left her ambitious: for in the midst of her country she stood alone!!

She only of all her countrywomen, had learnt to think for herself. She alone had the benefit of an education, that rendered her distinguished and unrivaled; she alone, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, and a perfect

developement of feeling and intelligence, had been awakened to a lively sense of the former splendor of her country, and its existing degradation. Possessing, in an eminent degree, that charming talent of narration, peculiar to the athenians,* she was wont, at the celebration of a festival, or in the repose of her domestic shades, to assemble round her her young compatriots to detail to them the ancient glory of their wonderous nation; and all its arms achieved, and all its genius compassed. —She repeated to them the biography of those eminent persons, of either sex, who had distinguished themselves by their wisdom, their virtues, their talents, and their patriotism. It was a Sapho —it was an Aspasia in the midst of her beautiful disciples! But it was a Sapho whom passion had not bewilder-

* See note (d).

ed—it was an Aspasia, innocent as beautiful, and virtuous as intelligent!

Bursting from the ancient glory of her country, she would frequently touch on its existing miseries, and paint the sufferings which arose from a want of patriotism in the people, and the exercise of tyranny in the government, with all the feeling pathos of a woman, and all the graceful eloquence of a Greek. The old heard her with wonder—the young with delight! and Ida observed her influence, and triumphed in her powers. Athenian vanity had recorded the charms, the genius, and success of their still celebrated Irene.*—In the youthful archondessa they again beheld her: the fanciful charms of her character delighted their delicate imagination; the beauty of her person charmed their senses,—

* See note (e).

and her patriotism already betrayed in the eloquence of her conversation, in several little songs and poems, written in the vulgar Greek, and distributed by the vanity of her father to his friends and kindred,---called for their esteem---solicited their amazement.

Yet the patriotism of the young athenian was all a woman's sentiment. Had her country been free---had her country been prosperous, its political state would have awakened no interest in a mind whose elevation, whose sensibility could never assimilate with the narrow views of a party; the low intrigues of a cabinet, the remote speculations of commercial interest, or legislative ambition. But the former glories of her country had captivated her imagination, its present sufferings had touched her heart. Timid, nervous, and delicate, she could never have

been an active partizan in its cause; but tender, ardent, and enlightened, her talents and her feelings were devoted to its interests and its felicity. She sung its virtues---she defended its errors---she lamented its sufferings, and she deplored the false policy of its rulers---whose intolerant bigotry embosomed in their state a host of repining subjects, while the power was still their's to enrol beneath their banner a nation of grateful friends.

THE SLAVE.

The days of Ida and her preceptor flowed on in peace, characterised by a patriarchal simplicity and a polished intelligence: their duties were to succour their compatriots, to relieve the unfortunate, to enlighten the ignorant, to dispel error, to vanquish prejudice,

and to promulgate truth:—their pleasures were the discovery of a ruined fragment, the revival of an ancient festival, the introduction of a French or English custom, the successful vegetation of their trees and flowers, the arrival of new books from Italy,—or an occasional tour through Livadia, where every spot possessed a classic interest. Their society, adapted rather to the simplicity of their habits than to the enlightened elegance of their minds, chiefly consisted of the family of the old Drogueman Stamati, who had retired from Pera to the little promontory of Zostor, where he lived in the midst of his family, secure of the favor of the port, and looked up to by his countrymen with respect for the high station he had once filled.

The kindred of the archon Rosemeli, and occasionally the families of the

foreign consuls, all looked up to Ida with wonder and admiration; all regarded her preceptor with a respect that bordered on awe. Scarcely known by any other name than the diako, or preceptor, all who approached him seemed more anxious to become his disciples than worthy to be his friends. Ida, frequently the visitant of her father's house, but generally the resident of her preceptor's villa,---resigned herself to the tenderest respect, the liveliest gratitude---the most ardent affection for those who alone had made any claims upon that heart, so sensible ---so warm :---while the esteem, the admiration, which the amiable and gentle character, the elegant and philosophic mind of her uncle awakened, lessened not the natural love her less gifted, but endearing parent, had inspired. The archon married; and the event

caused no interruption in the domestic harmony of his family: he lost his second wife, and his children found a mother in the daughter of his first. He had allied himself by ties of interest to the then chief magistrates of Athens, Achmet, the disdar aga! and Mustapha, the Vaivode! His trade was prosperous; and his rank, though unconnected with any influence, was distinguished. The exquisite sensibility of Ida, therefore, as yet lay dormant; and its solicitudes and its fears had not yet been roused for herself or others, except through the medium of her uncle's delicate and precarious health. One solitary event alone had varied the gentle calm of her placid life: it was like the gale which sighs on the bosom of the deep, ---it breathed on the surface of her feelings---faintly moved their calm, and

died away in peace! She was scarcely fifteen, and resembled most one of the ideal forms of Plato before its incarnation, when he painted it as enjoying the presence of the Creator, and contemplating only unchangeable ideas of truth and of perfection---she was so fair, so light, so pure, and so intelligent.

It was during one of the seasons that the tender *bienseance* of duty and affection obliged the preceptor and his pupil to pass at the house of the parent and the brother, that, stealing an hour from the endearments of domestic intercourse, they went to visit the temple of Serapis, to seize from the increasing depredations of time and gothic barbarism, some of those features of the august genius of ancient Athens, which the pencil alone was now able to perpetuate or preserve. They were followed by the female attendants of Ida, and preceded

by a little black slave, who carried their port-folios. The temple of Serapis lies to the left of the bazar or market-place, which nearly forms the central point of the city; and Ida and her preceptor were surprised, as they passed through it, to find it so early in the morning occupied by a crowd of Turks, and a still greater number of Greeks. Ida drew her veil more closely round her, and hung back timidly on the steps of her friends, who enquired from a Turk the cause of so unusual a concourse. He replied, "The law awards a recompense to him who brings into the bazar the head of a wolf*; a ferocious animal has infested the neighbourhood of the city, and has done much injury: it has defied our best archers hitherto, but there lies its head."

"And who claims the recompense?"

* See note (f).

"A mere boy, but an expert archer; he stands near the fountain, with his head uncovered."

Ida pointed her glance in the same direction with her uncle; on the steps of the marble font lay the bleeding head of the wolf, grim and savage as the lingering traces of ferocity and pain could render it---at a little distance stood its destroyer.

It was a figure of singular interest, of singular beauty: it seemed to personify that charming æra in human life which vibrates between the lovely graces of adolescence, and the strengthening energies of manhood; the muscles were still rounded, the cheek was still carnationed; and the limbs were still light, flexible, and pliant: but energy was already stealing something from the curving line of grace, and vigour from the fragile bloom of

beauty. Yet the springing stature seemed still to grow on the eye; and the careless, playful indifference of boyhood still betrayed its happy thoughtless character, in the expression of the beautiful countenance.

The youth was dressed in the habit of a slave, his quiver was thrown over his shoulders, he leaned gracefully on his bow, and his eyes were turned from the victim his dexterity had immolated, as if his delicate senses revolted from the deed his skill and courage had effected. A bustling Greek now busied himself in collecting the usual contribution; and the preceptor and his charge had so closely approached the youth, that when the Greek presented his cap to the former, as he dropped a piece of money in it, he addressed himself to him for whom the donation was made.

"We are all your debtors," he said, "for an act of public good, however trivial, deserves the gratitude of every member of that community for whom it has been performed."

While he spoke, Ida had untied from her bosom a little amulet; and while her modest eyes supplicated from her preceptor a sanction for the transient violation of her wonted delicate reserve, she presented the amulet to the youth, exclaiming with smiling enthusiasm, "And I, too, am an athenian!" The extension of her hand as she presented it disordered her veil—it fell on her shoulders—her vigilant paramana instantly replaced it, trembling lest the eyes of a Turk should profane her face. But the transient beam of its loveliness had flashed on the ardent gaze of the boy; he stood breathless, amazed, and overwhelmed; the amu-

let trembled in his still outstretched hand—he was silent. Ida and her preceptor had passed on: the money was laid beside him. The crowd was dispersed; but those of the spectators who passed the bazar in half an hour after, beheld the youth on the spot where they had left him, still supported by his bow, and his eyes still pointing their absent glance towards the path that led to the temple of Serapis.

The ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, from its exposure to the sea, and the refreshing breeze that plays among its stupendous columns, afford a cool and sheltered walk, where the inhabitants of Athens frequently resort. There the Greeks and Turks mingle promiscuously; and even their women, under the sanction of their impenetrable veils, assemble there to breathe

the sea air; or witness the skill of the archers, who frequently make its fragments the object of their aim, or fly their arrows from its shade. It was on the evening of the day in which Ida had bestowed her amulet on the young slave, that she accompanied her young relative, the archondessa Zaphyra, and her preceptor to enjoy the air in the temple of Jupiter Olympius.

On their way they were met by a young Greek peasant and his family. Symptoms of suffering and of joy were so mingled in their countenances, that their tears and their smiles left the feeling heart of the susceptible Ida, doubtful whether it should sympathize in their affliction or their felicity. Under one of those sweet impulsions of benevolence and cordiality which so often influenced her actions, she flew towards the Greeks, and inquired

if they were unhappy, and if she could relieve them. She was answered with simplicity and gratitude, the Greek had committed some petty crime, to which the distresses of a mother and two brothers had urged him; he was brought before the cadi, who committed him to prison. A sum of money would have purchased his safety and release, but he had it not; for his family was perishing with want. A person, however, who had witnessed the distraction of his mother as she followed him to the prison, presented them a small purse of piastres. The acquittal of the prisoner was easily purchased, and the happy family were now returning home to their hut in the plain of Mesogia. Ida gave them some money, promised to befriend them, and inquired the name of their generous benefactor, whose benevo-

lence had harmonized so sweetly with her own feelings. "Ah! he is there!" replied the woman eagerly, "'tis he who now shoots the arrow!" The eyes of Ida and her party were now turned towards a group of Turks who stood beneath the peristyle of the temple, and were aiming their arrows at the broken fragment of a column. The column was at a considerable distance; many arrows were directed at it---one only reached it---and it flew from the bow of the young slave who in the morning had obtained the premium in the bazar! He stood smiling and triumphant amidst the Turks, resembling in his form and attitude, the boy of Phidias, as he appeared at the foot of the statue of Jupiter Olympius, his glowing brow circled with the wreath of victory won at the olympic games*.

* In the 86th olympiad.

Ida gazed---blushed---and moved on ---her cousin admired the beauty of the youth, and her preceptor, giving them both into the care of their attendants, joined the archers.

The Turks continued the exercise of their bows. The boy, satisfied with his evident superiority, threw his quiver over his shoulder, and walking to a retired part of the ruins which faced the sea, leaned over the broken shaft of a column in a pensive attitude, and fixed his eyes on the distant waves. Thither the preceptor of Ida followed him.

The youth blushed---rose, and recognized him by his expressive looks and graceful salutation.

"You have acquired considerable skill," said the diako, "in archery; and leave the best of our Turkish archers far behind."

"So I ought," returned the youth with animation, "for I am a Greek!"

"But a talent is only to be estimated by its utility; and the recent service your's has effected, deserves the applause which society always bestows on its benefactors."

"I have done nothing yet," said the boy emphatically, "but I, too, am an athenian!"---and he blushed as he seemed involuntary to repeat the words his ear had caught in the morning from the lips of the archondessa.

"Who and what are you?" demanded his new friend with increasing interest.

"I am a slave!"

"A slave! and you release prisoners and bestow benefactions!"

The youth changed colour, and looked surprised.

"That was nothing!" he replied, "you saw how the money became

mine---it was not sufficient to purchase my ransom, and I had no other use for it."

"You throw a new lustre on the generosity of your conduct; and you awaken a new interest in my heart, of which you are the object---I would be your friend."

"Indeed!—that is strange---you are only the second person that ever expressed that wish."

"And who was the first?"

"A caloyer monk of the convent of St. Cypriani."

"Did he prove himself your friend?"

"To the utmost of his power---he reared me tenderly from my fifth to my fifteenth year---he taught me to read Homer in the ancient language of my country,—he taught me that song of Alceus, which I shall never forget: 'Your glory shall last for ever, Harmodius and Aristogiton, for you slew

the tyrant, and procured equal laws for Athens.' He made me acquainted with the lives of Pericles and Alcibiades---with all their valour effected, and all their genius compassed---and he instructed me in archery and the use of arms!"

"Astonishing! this is not the education of a monk of the order of St. Cypriani!---Of what country was he?"

"He was an athenian; but I have heard him say his birth was obscure. I was a foundling---he obtained me from the person at whose door I had been laid, and reared me in the convent as his child."

"And what is become of this inestimable friend?"

"Alas! I know not. He took me with him to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but when we had got a

few leagues from Athens, he turned towards the southern provinces of Turkey. We entered a revolted province which had joined the Russians. My friend threw off his monkish habit, and fought against the Turks. In the battle, I was still at his side---for a moment we were divided---I lost sight of him! The Turks were victorious---the province was given up to pillage and to slavery, and I beheld my friend no more!"

The youth passed his hand across his eyes---he sighed---and, after a short pause, added, "I became the property of an old bashaw-bey; he died, and I was sold to Achmet, the nephew of the kislar-aga. I had meditated an escape, and a return to Athens; but the kislar-aga had appointed* his nephews, Mustapha and

* See note (g).

Achmet, to the civil and military government of Livadia. The certainty of revisiting my native country endued me with patience: I returned to it. The life I lead is easy*; but is ease enough to render life supportable?"

He ceased---his new friend had hung with a deep and obvious attention on a recital told with so much simplicity and so much fire. A mutual silence ensued. At last the preceptor of Ida, pressing his hand with cordiality and kindness, said, "Farewell---we shall soon meet again---you have lost the guardian of your early days, but you have found a friend who will interest himself for your future life---Where are you to be met with?---and by what name are you known?"

"At the Acropolis, where the disdaraga resides, and they call me Osmyn."

* See note (h).

"'Tis enough---farewell."

The preceptor turned away --- the youth followed him a few paces--- some wish, some solicitude, some request, seemed to hover on his lips--- but, either too timid or too proud to give it utterance, when his new friend turned round and observed him, he hastened abruptly away.

The next morning the diako went to the Acropolis, called for the superintendant of the aga's slaves; his wish was to inquire into the possibility of purchasing the enfranchisement of the youth who had so deeply interested his feelings; but his hopes were at once blasted--- his benevolent intentions at once frustrated---the young slave, Osmyn, had that morning fled, to avoid the punishment of the bastinado, which he had incurred!

"And what was his crime?" demanded the diako.

"Insolence, indolence, and faults innumerable," replied the chief slave of the aga. "In the olive ground he would not work—in the apartments he would not serve; he was frequently absent—always amusing himself with the bow; commanding the other slaves as if he was their master, or inciting them to resist my orders, who am—Once his temerity went so far as to lead him to the mabin of the harem, though now past the age of being admitted there; but his faults were overlooked in consequence of his beauty and his accomplishments; for though he learnt music and the languages in common with the other slaves, he soon surpassed them all."

Ida was now of an age, of a character, which realizes the most perfect idea of the most delicate pudicity---every feeling trembling at its own expansion;

secretly encouraged the belief, that a mind so noble would inevitably become its own destiny.

The next morning Ida arose at an early hour; she took her lyre, and ascended one of the kiosks of her father's house, which, hanging over an open road, commanded a view of the Acropolis. The stupendous columns of the Parthenon were tinged with the red beams of the rising sun; while the barren rocks of the citadel were still involved in the mists of the dawn. Ida opened the lattice of the kiosk; the air was pure as her soul, and sweet as the sigh she breathed!

Sigh of indefinite pleasure! how delicious is the emotion from which thou stealest thy transient birth!

Ida tuned her lyre, and struck a few chords: the sound of voices beneath the kiosk induced her to stop the vibration!

Two Theban sailors, on their way to the Piræus, were singing a ballad in the vulgar Greek, which celebrated the fates of Limbona Canzianni, their heroic countryman. Ida, pleased with the air—more pleased with the subject, caught the notes on her lyre; repeated the words, improved, and sung them: till wearied, though charmed by their repetition, in the gay restlessness of her happy age—and in the vacillating feeling of a new-born sentiment,—she threw by her lyre, to tie up the Arabian jasmine that drooped through the wires of the lattice.

Amazement and confusion hurried her from the lattice; for nearly opposite the kiosk stood the young slave of the disdar-aga: he was leaning in an attitude of profound attention; his head was thrown back, and his eyes were raised to the casement. The im-

pulse which hurried Ida away, again drew her back. With a little artifice, that was almost an instinct, she affected to engage herself in drawing too the lattice, which, wafted back by the air, seemed still to resist her feeble efforts. The youth drew near; a look---a movement of respectful entreaty, was animated by a glance of passionate admiration: he touched one knee to the earth---he drew from his bosom the amulet which had once hung upon Ida's---he pressed it to his heart---to his forehead---to his lips!---Ida drew back, overwhelmed with emotion; a few murmured words reached her ear: but those which she alone distinctly heard, were, "And I, too, am an athenian!"

She sunk on a sofa, and covered her face with her veil, as if to hide her blushes, even from herself. Some

minutes elapsed:---with a timid, cautious step she approached the casement; no object presented itself to her view: she advanced still nearer; but the youth was gone! She leaned out of the casement---she threw her eager glance in every direction. At last she perceived him, with the swiftness of one of his own arrows, flying towards the road which leads to Marathon and Thebes: the next moment an angle in the road concealed him from her view!

Early in the day the diako and his pupil returned to their sweet retreat on the shores of the Engia. And Ida learnt the intentions of her benevolent friend, and the cause of their frustration. The flight of the young slave was in perfect consonance with the elevated ideas of the diako and his pupil.

"The youth," said he, "who re-

ceives a coarse and brutal punishment for having committed a moral error, receives a lesson of debasement, of cruelty, and cowardice; whose impression will long survive the fault and the suffering that caused it.

This wonderous boy has doubtless marked out for himself a fate superior to any I could have procured him: his character seems animated by that passionate enthusiasm, without which there is no elevation of soul or conduct. It is in this complexional ardour the source of genius and of heroism is only to be found. But if the higher virtues, the more splendid qualities, find it nutritive to their perfection, and indispensable to their growth, it feeds no moderate vice---it leads to no puny crime; the great extremes in good or evil will be still its object; it will depend upon its first impression, whether

it produces a Scylla, or a Brutus---a Cato, or an Aristippus---or blends the great extremes of all in Alcibiades!

"This boy has already fought for liberty by friendship's side; but he has passed some of the most precious days of his life in the luxurious shades of a turkish harem: he has the eye of an hero; but his smile! (and I marked it as triumphing he stood amidst the Turks in the Temple of Jupiter, and caught the praises of a group of females who were the witnesses of his superior skill)---his smile is that of a young persian satrap. It is now his unformed character vibrates in its feelings between pleasure and virtue! It is now impressions will become decisive!"

Ida assented, with timid acquiescence, to the opinion of her uncle! She was busied at her embroidery at the time;

but she thought of the eye of the hero—of the smile of the satrap---of her own amulet, so tenderly treasured---of her own words, so emphatically repeated! The colour that deepened on her cheek ---the fire that brightened in her eyes, were cold and faint to the glow that seemed to circulate with equal warmth through her mind and frame; and, with the sigh that sorrow cannot claim, she said, "'Tis now impressions will become decisive!"

It is only under the influence of a corrupt education that the passions take an early flight. It is only when the imagination receives an early taint, that the feelings are forced into premature growth---nature is slow and delicate in unfolding their influence: they gradually expand with the ideas and the mind; and sentiment and love awaken together in the pure and

tender heart of youthful susceptibility.

The young and innocent Ida, unsophisticated and artless, saw no lover in the image of her fanciful meditation; she saw only a creature whose character corresponded in some instances with her own, whose fate was singular, and whose ideal beauty of person charmed her elegant and picturesque fancy! and, flattered by the interest she had so obviously awakened; the latent vanity of self-love for a long time preserved, in her secret thought, the memory of him who had gratified a feeling so interwoven with all the strength and all the weakness of human nature. But, by degrees, the subject of a frequent reverie became but the splendid phantom of her imagination ---till the vision softened, faded,

The day was passed in those innocent revelries, which, upon that occasion, form the chief festival of the athenian women; and Ida, as she returned from the bath, glowing in health and beauty, animated by the simplest gaiety in which she had participated; fresh as the Anadyomene of Apelles---lovely as the Gnidus of Praxiteles; but, characterised by a timid modesty which was wanting to the perfection of either, glided through the streets of Athens, shrouded in a veil transparently favourable to her charms, and pursued on every side by the admiring gaze of those who passed, or those who followed her. But while turkish gallantry and greek devotion breathed their passing homage on her ear, a person in the habit of an armenian, who had followed her more closely than the regime of athenian politeness admits of, was

alone silent. He sought her observation by the singularity of his deportment—he eluded it by suddenly disappearing amidst the ruins of a temple. Thither the next moment Ida and her attendants were obliged to hasten for shelter against a sudden shower; but they had not reached it in sufficient time to save her veil from being penetrated with the rain. While one of her women was engaged in replacing it by her own, the downcast eyes of Ida perceived the drapery of the armenian's robe almost touching her's;—she started, and raised her eyes; but he had turned away, and had advanced towards the entrance of the temple, as if to leave it. At that moment an old and feeble greek, bending beneath the weight of years and poverty, slowly approached the ruins, and crossed, as he passed, a party of armed janissaries, inebriated

with opium, and the consciousness of their own supremacy. One of them, with wanton cruelty, struck at the old man, who, with the lingering irritation of national spirit, raised the stick that supported him to the head of the assailant: this was enough. "This day," said the turk, "I have promised our prophet the head of an infidel, and thus I fulfil my vow*." His shining zatigan was instantly raised at the neck of the unfortunate, but fell in a thousand shivers to the earth. Ida shrieked, involuntarily stretched out her arms to the tottering sufferer, and beheld the armenian (whose interfering valour saved his life), surrounded by a danger greater than that from which he had preserved the aged greek

With the club with which he had broken the zatigan of the janissary, he

* Historical.

still defended himself against the attacks of his companions, whose intoxicated fury left their arms almost powerless; he leaned with his back against a pillar. His cap had fallen off; and, in the midst of the horror, the confusion of Ida's feelings, while she still supported the old man on her arm, she recognized that countenance, that eye, which could only belong to the young slave of the Acropolis!

The next moment she saw him overpowered by numbers; several Turks had increased the party of the janissaries, one of whom had been struck by the armenian to the earth, and lay bleeding on a heap of ruins. Had the champion of humanity been a greek, he would have suffered an instant and a dreadful death; but as he was supposed to be an armenian merchant, his probable opulence held out a lure to

turkish rapacity, which even turkish cruelty could not withstand. "Away with him to the Acropolis," cried the Capidilgar Keayassey*, who was deep in the interests of his master, the disdar-aga; "he has escaped the fury of an injured janissary; let us see if he can escape the bow-string."

The young armenian was now surrounded; he made no resistance: but he would not suffer himself to be dragged along. "Lead on," said he, haughtily; "you see I cannot escape you." Ida rushed forward; he observed, and turned towards her: he saluted her with reverence---a melancholy smile softened for a moment the haughtiness of his countenance; he extended his arms towards heaven, and then towards her. His guards grew outrageous, and he proceeded to the Acropolis, where at that moment Achmet

* Captain of the guard.

the disdar-aga held a military mek-kemê, or council.

Ida remained in the attidude in which amazement, horror, and compassion had stiffened every limb---her hands were clasped on her throbbing bosom---her eyes still pursued the lofty form of Osmyn as it towered high above the crowd that surrounded him, and her ear caught the broken sentences of a few timid greeks, who had witnessed the affray, and were still trembling with apprehension. "What a pity!" they exclaimed, "that so noble a youth should suffer! Doubtless they will first put him to the torture to discover if he has any money; and then they will give him the bow-string. Poor youth! he is a stranger! he has no one to plead for him!---he must die! and die in our cause!"

"Merciful God of heaven!" exclaimed Ida, "die in our cause!---and no one to plead for him!"——She looked for a moment wildly round her---no one appeared who could give her any hope. Osmyn and his accusers were already at the Acropolis. Fear and reflection fled the soul of Ida---she abandoned herself to the influence of feeling, to the sway of enthusiasm! With a velocity that distanced all pursuit, she flew towards the Acropolis! She passed through the two first gates unobserved; the guard, who stood at the Propyleum perceived her not, so rapidly she advanced to the residence of the aga! and, guided by the crowd on the outside, entered the hall of the mekkemê.

The disdar-aga was noted for his devotion to all the pomp and ceremony of Islamism; he was seated on

his tribunal, surrounded by the insignia of his dignities. Three tails waving over his head, marked his rank as a bashaw-bey; his tchorbadgi (or colonel of the guards) was seated at his feet; a row of spahis, with their red habits and long staves, surrounded him. The prisoner and his accusers stood on one side; on the other appeared a crowd of janissaries, and castriani, or soldiers of the citadel; and the bottom of the hall was filled with Greeks.

The aga was a man who owed his professional rank to his military talent; he was a strict disciplinarian; his temper was obstinate and severe, not often excited to cruelty; but when once roused, his thirst of blood was insatiable.

In the armenian, who was now presented before him, he discovered a refractory and truant slave, and a daring

innovator of military law. The prisoner stood therefore condemned, not only by the law*, but by the private feelings of the interested man, and the confirmed prejudices of the severe soldiers. The rapacious avarice of the Turk alone militated against both, and delayed, without preventing the execution of the sentence, which the unfortunate criminal had incurred!

"I'll hear no more!" exclaimed the aga, passionately, and interrupting the slow and tedious details of the accusing janissaries,---"he stands accused equally by the law and by the prophet!

"Strike then!" cried Osmyn, boldly advancing towards the centre of the hall; "strike! but let not the dying privileges of Greece be wholly lost for want of courage in an individual to assert her rights!"

"Bear him away to the bow-string,

* See note (i).

instantly!" exclaimed the aga, enraged by an audacity so little expected; "'tis a truant slave! an infidel! a rebel!---Let him die this moment!"

"No, no!" exclaimed a voice shrill and piercing, as it was sweet and plaintive, "he shall not, he must not die!" ---and the disdar beheld at his feet the prostrate form of a beautiful greek girl. The lightning of her eye was quick and variable as the fleeting colour that alternately rosed and paled her cheek ---her veil had fallen off, and the disordered drapery of her panting bosom, was remedied by the luxuriant profusion of black and shining hair, that fell in clustering tresses over it. The harmonious regularity of her features was lost in the wild, the eloquent, the soul-beaming expression of her countenance. Her white and rounded arms, glittering with jewels, were

raised and clasped, and her whole form and air were those of the splendid phantom which for a moment glows on the imagination of poetic genius, but which defies the power of human talent, to realize or perpetuate its charms.

"No!" continued Ida, touched to transport with the force and energy of her feelings, "he shall not, he must not die!---die! gracious God! ---for what?---for defending the rights of nature, of freedom, and humanity. It was a greek, a poor compatriot, he saved! it was age and feebleness he succoured, it was bigotry he struck at, and tyranny he opposed! He now appears before you, not to receive death, but to demand retribution. He stands before you, the representative of his injured country, violated in her dearest privileges---denied her dear-

est rights---oppressed, debased, and wounded---'tis to you he appeals---to you! of whom 'tis said, that your rank is the result of your abilities, and whose mind has shewn itself superior in toleration and intelligence to that of the aggregate of your countrymen! If you are just, 'tis now the hour to prove it---if you are merciful, 'tis now reserved for you to evince it---if good policy is the principle of your ministry, the occasion now calls for its exertion---if the interest of your master lies at your heart, extend and cherish it, by making those the subjects of his affection who are now but the slaves of his power---if you are a man, true to nature, and to nature's dictates, refer to the feelings of your own heart, it will tell you, that he who loves his country, succours the injured, protects the aged, relieves the

doubt, and expectation. The disdar himself was the first to interrupt a scene so new, so extraordinary, in the court of a Turkish tyrant.

He arose with dignity, yet with a confusion he vainly endeavoured to conceal; he spoke in a low voice to the tchorbadgi, and the hall was immediately cleared: Ida, the prisoner, the accusing janissaries, and the captain of the guards, alone remained. The disdar-aga then ordered the prisoner to be carried to a square tower in the arsenal of Lycurgus, till further orders should be issued; and Ida read his safety in the softened looks of a judge, no longer obdurate. Osmyn was led away, but his eyes, full of an indefinite expression, still lingered on Ida; her's were fixed on the earth, abashed and overcome by a glance she could neither support nor

understand. He disappeared — she turned round with a tender sigh, and found herself alone with the aga. He drew her gently towards him, and placed her by his side on a cushion. He gazed on her in silence, and Ida then recollected, that, for the first time, she had appeared unveiled before a crowd of turks. She endeavoured to recover her veil; the effort increased her confusion, and the timid bashfulness, the vestal modesty of her looks, while it added to her beauty, formed a striking contrast to the energy, the enthusiasm, of her recent appearance. The emotion of the turk became obvious—feelings of an opposite character struggled in his bosom. Ida's firmness had fled with the exhausted, spirit of her enthusiasm—she trembled, and was silent. "Why do you tremble?" said the aga, taking her hand,

"you at least can have nothing to fear!"

"But what have I to hope?" said Ida, timidly.

"You have only to ask," said the turk. What would you have?"

"That you would spare the life of that youth!"

"You love him, then?"

"I have never loved," returned Ida, burying the confusion that glowed on her cheek in her bosom; "the youth is a stranger to me—this is only the second time I have ever seen him---the first I have ever heard the sound of his voice!

"Astonishing!---and what risks you have encountered for him!"

"'Twas a common cause! not an individual interest!" said Ida, blushing still deeper.

The turk hesitated for some minutes,

and then said---"Beautiful greek, in saving the life of this criminal I endanger my own; but you command it, and I do not hesitate: yet in Athens he cannot remain; and though I may prevent his public execution, 'tis money only can purchase his private safety; an offended janissary is only to be appeased by blood or bribery."

Ida shuddered; she looked at the jewels which glittered on her arms; but she trembled for the inference which the aga might again draw from her intercession. With a presence of mind almost incompatible with the vivacity of her feelings, she replied, "I know not the circumstances of the stranger; but perhaps he is not destitute of friends in Athens!"

"I doubt it," said the aga, "he came here my slave---my claim is still good upon his services, and can only

he purchased at a considerable price." Ida was silent: she knew the benevolence of her diako, the opulence of her father, and the resources her own jewels afforded her; yet still she was silent—and, after a short pause, arose and said, "I have your word, that for the present his life is safe: on this I repose; and for this I have only gratitude to offer!"

She then saluted him according to the manner of her country, and would have retired; but the turk seized her hand: "Nothing," said he, "but gratitude!"—And he gazed earnestly at her; a thousand varying emotions succeeded each other in the expression of his strong and marked countenance—his mind seem agitated by conflicting passions, prudence, and that habitual duplicity, which a turk can always practise, to effect a favourite purpose,

finally triumphed. Ida had cast down her eyes in timid apprehension; she raised them again with innocent confidence to his face, and beheld all there calm and tranquil. "Well then," said he, "gratitude be it;" and he released her. Ida kissed the hem of his robe in token of acknowledgment; and having ordered his attendants to convey her home, he conducted her himself to the gate of the propyleum: a ceremony as respectful as it was unusual.

At the outward gate of the Acropolis, Ida was met by the diako; that firmness which she had never before seen moved, no longer supported him: he was pale and trembling; he had heard the adventure in which Ida had acted so conspicuous a part represented under a variety of aspects. The archon, whose interest with the aga

was considerable, was absent on commercial business in the Morea, and would be so for some weeks. He trembled for the unfortunate Osmyn; but, above all, he trembled for the lovely, the imprudent enthusiast, who, with whatever success she pleaded, either with respect to the tyrant or the slave, *must* have pleaded with danger to herself. She had now thrown herself into his arms; she kissed away the tears that gathered in his eyes; she cheered him with her words, and with her smiles.

"The agha is just;" said she, "he is merciful! Athens is not yet wholly lost! She has a magistrate willing to allow her rights, and an hero ready to defend them." As she pronounced the last words, her face was covered with blushes, and with a profound sigh she looked towards the square

tower of Arsenal. "I have saved his life," she added; "but it remains with you to effect his liberty."

She then repeated all the aga had said, and remotely hinted at the jewels for which she had so little occasion. The diako heard her with a smile, accompanied her home, and returned to the residence of the disdar-aga.

To every description of person in Athens, the character of the diako was known; his wisdom, his virtue, his benevolence, the peace and tranquillity of his life, and the opulent independence of his circumstances, obtained for him a respect, a security, which belonged to better times, and a better state of society, than those in which he lived. He had met the aga at the house of the archon, and was personally, though distantly acquainted; at once admitted to his

presence, he used such arguments in favour of the young slave, as were most likely to influence the turk, the magistrate, and the man; and he soon found that the terms of Osmyn's safety and enfranchisement were, a large sum of money, and his absence from Athens.

To one only he could reply; and, permitted by the aga, he hastened to the prison of Osmyn, to obtain his promise of the other. He found him with a spirit uncontroulable as his person was restrained—loaded with shackles but unsubdued in mind. The sudden, the unexpected re-union of two persons, whose last interview had been so touching, who were so unequal in years, yet drawn together by such delicate ties of sympathy and mutual admiration, was interesting and affecting. The diako unfolded at

once the nature of his mission; and delicately hinted his own intention relative to the enfranchisement of his young friend, which his flight two years before had frustrated.

"No!" said the prisoner, "it would be impossible to purchase life on these terms,—to become so deeply your debtor, yet to be deprived the pleasure of living near you to testify my gratitude—to be banished my country, like one who had proved false to its cause, and unworthy of breathing its air. Oh! to what purpose live, if every feeling is to be wrenched from the heart—if the views, the projects that ennoble life, are to be blasted in their bloom—if we are not permitted to serve our country, and live for those we love? But under a corrupt and tainted government every thing is to be purchased; every crime has its li-

cence, every vice its sanction; even virtue may secure its privileges, if it can but meet the price of rapacious avarice. The money demanded for my enfranchisement is double that of my original purchase, and the bribe demanded for the janissary is indeed exorbitant; but another bribe shall purchase my residence in Athens." Then throwing himself at the feet of his friend, he added: "Yes, I am *your* slave! the interest you have taken in my destiny, your prodigal generosity in my behalf, all bind me to you for ever! It will be easy to represent to the aga that you wish to retain me in your service until you can refund yourself by disposing of me to another: his justice, in this instance, may be purchased, as in every other. And I promise, while I remain in Athens, to be guided, to be govern-

ed by your wisdom and your virtue: but while the spirit of the obligation I owe you remains in full force, the form of it must, need no longer exist —For oh! most generous of friends! I am no longer wholly thrown upon your bounty—I am no longer wholly destitute."

And he drew from his bosom a small packet, and presenting it to his friend, continued: "You will find here in jewels and money more than will even answer the rapacious expectations of the turk. Another time you shall know how it became mine; but to the eyes of my enemies it must appear that my safety and enfranchisement are purchased by that liberality which has been so generously devoted to my interest."

He ceased. The diako had listened to him with emotion and amaze-

ment. He perceived that the vivid spirit of the youth was so corrected by the bold reflections of the man, that it was in vain to oppose any argument to an obstinacy of determination, founded in the principles and affections of a generous and ardent nature. He saw that Osmyn was determined not to receive any pecuniary obligation; and convinced that, though reason may overrule the errors of judgment, it is always unequal to vanquish the influence of sentiment; he laid aside the dictates of his own cautious prudence, and adopting the resolutions of his protegé, hurried away to realize his hopes, and execute his desires.

The sun had not yet sunk in the Euxine, when Osmyn, free and unshackled, issued from the gates of the Acropolis, like the genius of ancient

Athens, rising from the midst of its ruins, from the midst of the trophies of its former grandeur, and promising to Greece the revival of its ancient glory. The news of his unexpected safety and liberation had spread through Athens; in whatever light the event was considered, it was looked on as a prodigy, and as an omen of future prosperity to their country.

As he proceeded from the Acropolis, he was met by groups of athenians, who hailed him with stifled murmurs of applause, while their animated looks spoke all their timid hearts trembled to reveal. Triumph, like a ray of divinity, played round the brow of Osmyn. Lofty and dignified, he passed on followed by an accumulating crowd; he spoke to some, he bowed and smiled to others, and an air of condescension mingled

itself with his familiarity. Every one lost sight of the slave; and the champion of Athens received that homage so grateful to a high, a noble, and an ambitious mind, conscious that it is respected for itself alone. He had now reached the temple of Jupiter, on his way to the villa of the diako, who had offered him an asylum during his residence in Athens, and who had already returned thither by water; he contemplated the august ruin with an emotion finely correspondent to the tone of his pre-existing feelings; his soul swelled: he turned round to those of the greeks who still followed him; he pressed his hand to his heart, he raised his eyes to heaven, and saluted them with an expression of air and countenance which was understood; they threw up their caps, and gave an animated cheer. He replied

by a look, a gesture that gave assurance to their hopes; he waved his hand, and, again saluting them, proceeded: the greeks returned to Athens.

Osmyn was received by the diako as a tender father would receive a son rescued from an imminent danger, and newly restored to happiness and safety. Osmyn threw himself at his feet with all that vivacity of feeling and emotion so natural to his youth and the character of his country; yet still his air was troubled and abstracted, his expressions of gratitude were confused and broken, and his eyes still sought some object his heart required.

At last, unable to suppress his solicitude, his impatience and anxiety, he exclaimed: "Yet great as is the sum of all I owe you, there is another to-

whom my homage is supremely due!" He paused, the colour rushed to his cheek, and he trembled; then added, in a lower tone of voice—"I understand that it is your niece, and the daughter of the archon Rosemeli, to whom I owe my life—Oh, precious life, to be so preciously preserved!—She who is her country's idol! whose beauty and whose genius—whose eloquence and—" He paused abruptly, confused, abashed at the vehemence of his feelings and the force of his expressions.

"I believe," said the diako, "the intercession of my niece had some influence in the determination of the disdar-aga. She aimed at the feelings of nature, which may be dormant, but are seldom wholly extinguished in the heart of man; and she succeeded: besides, her family is the

most powerful in Athens, and her father the friend of Achmet."

"And will it not be permitted me," said Osmyn, casting down his eyes, "to express my gratitude."

"My niece," said the diako, "usually resides with me; but in the absence of her father she devotes herself to the government of his household. Besides, she considers her intercession made less in your behalf than in the common cause of nature and humanity."

Osmyn sighed, and was silent.

"Yet if you wish to write to her," said the diako.

"Write!" repeated Osmyn, starting, "I dare not."

"Then an opportunity may soon occur," said the diako, "of expressing to Ida those grateful feelings by which you seem oppressed."

"Ida," repeated Osmyn, passing his hand across his face, to conceal the tender smile, to stifle the still more tender sigh, which accompanied the faintly murmured repetition of her name, now heard for the first time, "Ida!!!"

"It is not a common, but an ancient name, in Greece," said the diako, "and was borne by the wife of Lycastus and the mother of the Cretan Minos." *

Osmyn blushed to have been overheard, and suffered his heart alone to repeat again the sweet and simple name of "Ida."

During a repast which was now served, Osmyn, with all that spirit, that simplicity, and fire, which equally characterised his manners and his

* See Meursius' Dissertation on the Island of Crete.

words, briefly related those incidents of his life, which had occurred since he had last beheld the diako in the temple of Jupiter.

He had fled from Athens, to avoid the disgrace of an ignominious punishment—an accidental circumstance (and he the colourer, as he remarked it) directed his steps towards Thebes, where he understood the heroic Lambro Canziani then was :* his arrival proved the error of his information. Cangiani was then an officer in the Russian service; but his friend, and one who had lately served with him, were then in Thebes, and secretly employed in distributing manifestoes from Russia, then again on the point of renewing the war with Turkey, after a twelve years peace. Osmyn sought the friend of Lam-

* See note (k).

bro, and found in that friend the caloyer monk of the convent of St. Cypriani.

He had escaped from slavery, he had fled to Russia, been received into its service, and availed himself of its interest and influence, to forward the views his heart had long cherished in favor of his own unhappy country; his secret agency in Greece favoured also his solicitude and anxiety relative to the destiny of the son of his adoption; he had in vain caused every enquiry to be made after him; he had in vain revisited the revolted province where he had lost him. The first intelligence he received of him was that obtained in the moment which restored him to his arms. Osmyn remained in Thebes with this beloved friend for near three months, receiving his instructions, assisting his endeavours, and sharing the fatigues and dangers

of his situation. He found the greeks every where ripe for revolt, every where oppressed, and every where watched. The imprudent ardor with which the two athenians exerted themselves in a cause so dear to their feelings, and their principles, at last awakened the vigilance of a turkish aga. The athenians were attacked, surrounded, and owed their escape to a valour increased to supernatural efforts by desperation. They baffled and escaped the turks; but the elder athenian had received his death-wound in the combat. It was in the pass of Thermopylæ that, vanquished by loss of blood, by weakness and fatigue, he fell from his horse, and was received in the arms of Osmyn, who bathed his wounds with his tears, and hung over him in agony.

The athenian looked round him;

a smile of triumph beamed on his features.—"I die, said he, "in the pass of Thermopylæ. I die in the arms of an athenian, of my son—not the child of my adoption, but my own and only son.—Fly to Canziani, he will give you a casket, it will explain all—Swear, to save your country, or die in its defence; but betray not your name until you have obtained the esteem and confidence of your compatriots for yourself alone." Osmyn had always suspected that he was the son of the caloyer monk, and every feeling was now involved in that of poignant and filial affliction. The athenian expired in his arms, amidst the gloom of a profound solitude, and the horrors of a stormy night. Osmyn watched by the remains of his father; the next day, with the assistance of some greek peasants, he consumed the

body by fire, and buried the ashes on that spot long sacred to the manes of Grecian liberty and Grecian valour! He pursued his long and perilous course, and at last, reached * * * * * a frontier town, of European Russia, where Canziani was stationed. The Theban received him as the son of a patriot, and his friend; he would have procured for him a commission in the regiment of which the empress had made him colonel; but Osmyn declined the offer, and preferred serving as a volunteer; it left him more free to act. And he was only bound to Russia, as it betrayed itself the friend of Greece. For sixteen months he remained beneath the eye of Lambro Canziani, at once his friend, his counsellor and pupil.

The rumour of a war with Turkey again arose in Russia; many greeks of

consummate talents had entered into the service of a power so friendly to their cause, so hostile to their tyrants.—Already the celebrated greek Sottiri,* had undertaken to disseminate the Russian manifestoes in Albania. And Osmyn, led to Athens by a thousand impulses, offered his services through Canziani, to the governor of the province, and found them thankfully accepted. He knew the danger he incurred by returning to Athens, where Achmet-aga might still reign; but he encountered it with an ardor proportioned to its imminence.—He soon lost sight of all personal danger, of all personal consideration; he resigned himself wholly to the natural feelings of his heart. Russia disappeared—Greece filled his mind!——Athens free! Athens happy! alone

* In 1789—90.

filled his soul. His youth, his inexperience, his romantic character, and patriotic enthusiasm, left him no power to calculate on the improbability of hopes so ardently cherished. —Athens had once been free—been glorious, and been powerful. He thought of Aristogiton and Harmodius; and he repeated those words, engraven on his heart, by a power stronger even than that of patriotism itself,

"And I, too, am an Athenian!"

He arrived at Athens in the character of a young armenian merchant, on the morning when Ida had first appeared at the public bath. He fancied he recognized, through the envious veil, the beautiful phantom that had flashed on his gaze near

the fountain of the bazar. Anxious to ascertain the truth of his suspicions, he had followed her; and an adventure occurred, into which he had been led by an ardor of feeling, which had nearly proved fatal to the cause by which it had been excited.——He ceased.

"And the casket in the possession of Lambro Canziani," said the diako, eagerly—"its contents of such moment to you."

"Pardon me," returned Osmyn, "I am not yet worthy of betraying them. I would place my life in your hands. I would devote it to your service; but the commands of a father are sacred, and my hour is not yet come; suffice it now to say, the casket contained some jewels and a sum of money, the wreck of a noble and extensive property." "'Tis

enough," said the diako; "all that should render me your friend I know! You love your country! You obey your father! You encounter danger! —You protect the oppressed! You are therefore loyal, duteous, humane, and brave, these are the virtues to claim my esteem! But you are imprudent, chimerical, rash, and impetuous; these are failings to awaken my solicitude: it is of these two sentiments that friendship is composed; the feeling cannot live without esteem, and it becomes languid without anxiety; but in the balance of the affections, the former should preponderate; when the latter is preeminent, the sentiment loses its character, and regret and pity alone remain of that pure and exalted feeling, which those alone can feel, and those inspire, who still prefer the

useful virtue, to the dazzling feat, who owe their self-distinction to their social service. Friendship is but the concentration of philanthropy, and we still love mankind in him who best promotes its interest and felicity:

"Cæsar victorious had no friend;
"Brutus vanquish'd, boasted two."

The diako ceased, smiled, and stretched out his hand to the youth, whose countenance expressed deference and love; he threw himself at the feet of his friend, he pressed his hands, his words breathed obedience and respect to superior wisdom, while his sparkling eyes indicated a soul, not formed to brook restraint. Their figures, their air, their countenances, and their attitudes, gently

touched by the rising morn, presented an eloquent and charming picture.

Painting might have seized it as its happiest model, and given the charming effort to the world, as a youthful Alcibiades laying aside his soul's ambitious views to catch the mild philosophy of Socrates.

They now separated; the diako, as usual, to an early couch. Osmyn, still restless, still agitated, wandered to the portico;—the sea breeze produced a gentle vibration from a lyre that hung upon one of its pillars.—Osmyn took down the instrument, he swept its chords, and wandered on; he thought; he felt; and the lyre seemed to return a too pensive sound; and seemed to echo back his feelings and his thoughts. Ah! he exclaimed, if it could indeed respire them!

The temper of the day had been

ardent and oppressive; the events it had witnessed had been extraordinary and unprecedented—fatigue of spirits, weariness of mind, agitation of feeling, brought not with them a consequent and necessary repose to Ida's tender bosom. For the first time she vainly pressed a couch, where hitherto the spirit of repose itself seemed cradled—for the first time, the recurring incident of the day chased the bright vision of the nightly dream—for the first time her bewildered senses became the dupes of a tyrannic fancy. Still she was in the mekkemê of the disdar-aga! unveiled, exposed, surrounded by the incongruous multitude. Still she beheld, opposed to the lowering, sullen mien of tyranny, and years matured, the elysian spring of youthful manhood. Still she saw contempt of danger, resistance to oppres-

sion,—the eye of the hero—the smile of the satrap—and the form of a young Athleta, o'er whose bold structure the harmony of fine proportion shed its softer graces.

To forms which fancy strongly imaged, succeeded feelings of hope, of fear, anxiety, and doubt; and Ida "not so happy, yet much happier," than she had ever been, yet not so tranquil, yet more pleased with agitation, left a restless pillow, to breathe a freer air and cooler atmosphere!

It was in the silence of a tender meditation; it was in the silence of one of those delicious nights, at once so common and so peculiar to a grecian summer, that a melting voice, accompanied by a lyre, ascended towards the casement, where Ida enjoyed the odour and the freshness of the midnight breeze! She started, drew forward

the drapery of the casement, and retired—again she approached, and listened; she knew the air, she knew the words. 'Twas the air she had played, the words she had sung, when opposite to the casement where she then stood, the young slave of the Acropolis had appeared an unexpected and delighted auditor. It was now twice repeated, with an additional verse, which alluded to the circumstance, and terminated with this sentiment simply expressed,

"'Tis for man to perform great actions;
'Tis for woman to inspire them."

The heart of Ida throbbed with feverish palpitation; she drew back, and sunk on a sopha—a profound silence ensued, and the mild tranquillity of the night gave to her ear a sigh broken and lingering, as the unfre-

quent gale that faintly sobbed on the stilly air at distant intervals:—again all was silent! Ida arose! she wished not to banish—though feared to detain; her wish and her fear were reconciled by woman's always delicate and tender ingenuity. She arose, with a trembling hand she removed the crystal lamp that burnt dimly in an adjoining room. She placed it on a tripod in the centre of the kiosk, and passed her sylphid form before it; the graceful shadow was pictured on the turf beneath; the archondessa therefore had not yet retired to rest, and must have been the auditress of the feigned armenian's song. She placed herself behind the half-opened lattice of the casement—the lyre was again struck; but it was with a trembling hand: the voice was again raised; but it was scarcely louder

is to risk one's life for a young arm
nian, and to shew one's face unveil
at a mekkemê!

So, now, we shall have nothing b
wreathes over our doors, and dervis
flutes and lyres beneath our window
Thus it was before I married good J
aniki; would that the archon h
never gone to Corinth!

The tedious garrulity of Kyra ga
time to Ida to recover from that ill
sion of a "fancy trance in bliss," in
which, with all the susceptibility of
greek, and a woman, she had plung
by sounds and sentiments but t
consonant to the tone of her characte
She arose, and approached, as if
draw the drapery of the lattice; h
quick glance fell on the form of O
m;n, plainly distinguishable by t
brilliant beams of a full and clou
less moon. He knelt, and held t

wards the casement the ribbon from which was suspended the treasured amulet, presented to him in the bazar. Ida drew back; but as she retired from the casement, she let fall from her bosom a sprig of melissa, the emblem of her chaste and tender feelings.* Sweet and simple arts, which love and nature teach! Osmyn caught and pressed the flower to his lips.

"Why archondessa!" cried the impatient Kyra, "I come, good mother," sighed the reluctant Ida; and taking up her half-extinguished lamp, followed the kind but teasing paramana to her chamber.

* The melissa, or honey-flower, was dedicated to Diana, and was remarkable for its healing qualities.

GREEK GAMES.

It was in the evening succeeding to that day so dreadful in all its circumstances to the young athenians, that Osmyn, unable to command his attention to the Xenophon his friend had put into his hands, and agitated by feelings the most consonant to the impetuous ardor of his passionate nature, flung by the book; and was suffering himself to be led by a tyrannic impulse he neither could nor wished to resist, towards Athens. Osmyn loved like a greek, * but he also loved like one in whom ideas of glory blended with every sentiment of passion. But the feeling had as yet assumed no definite character. He would have thought it almost

* See note (l).

impious to call it love, for the archondessa Rosemeli was to him "a thing inskied," to be worshipped as a deity, rather than to be loved as a mortal. But she had distinguished him in the bazar; she had pleaded for him at the Acropolis—she had given him the amulet she had worn round her neck—she had bestowed on him the flower, that had lived on her bosom; and when he had made the passionate strains of Sapho the medium of his own artful feelings, they had been at least listened to, without displeasure, in whatever manner they had been construed. It was thus the first emotions of a timid, doubtful, reverential passion, found sanction and support and hope, from the high and conscious pride, of a proud, ambitious, but a noble mind. "If (as I feel) I am not worthy of

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lowing the path your patriotism and courage have marked out."

Thrice did Osmyn peruse this billet; the blood boiled in his veins, his heart throbbed with uncontroulable emotion; visions of glory floated in his brain; already he beheld himself the chosen leader of his countrymen. The impatient neighing of the noble animal, whose bridle still hung upon his arm, roused him; he raised his eyes, the person who had presented him the letter had disappeared; he sprung on the back of the beautiful Arabian, its unbroken spirit seemed to resist his power, it tore up the earth, and tossed its head on high; but its bold and dauntless rider managed and subdued it with equal skill and strength. Thus engaged, he perceived the diako walking towards him; his delicate and bending form,

supported by a long white staff; his countenance, interesting from the delicacy ill health shed over it, shaded by the grey hairs, time alone had not bleached!—What a contrast to the young, the vigorous, the animated athenian. Osmyn dismounted, led the horse, and with triumph glowing in his eyes, and a smile, approached his venerable friend.

"And to whom does that beautiful animal belong," said the diako, "you manage with such grace and skill?"

"'Tis mine," returned Osmyn, and presented him the letter, which had accompanied the gift.

He read, and returned it in silence, and Osmyn saw nothing in his tranquil countenance that added to the triumphs which beamed in his own. A domestic at that moment approached them, and the diako desir-

ing him to take charge of the horse, accepted the arm of its new master, and they walked on.

"You do not think, perhaps," said Osmyn, "that I should accept of that animal?"

"On the contrary, it is a merited tribute of national gratitude, and should be valued in proportion to the sentiments with that it was bestowed; but the letter, that accompanies it, should be considered with more thought and circumspection. The power which opposes itself to a superior force, however pure the spirit by which it is warmed, must still depend on chance or prudence for success; 'tis not the motive that insures the victory, and those who rush on peril, to save a sinking country, should weigh with caution, whether the daring effort may not plunge that country deeper in affliction!"

"But can its safety or redemption be effected by tame submission to its wrongs?" returned Osmyn. "Is tyranny to be subdued by timid caution, or cold calculating prudence? Divest the mind of energy and passion, and if it injures not, it cannot serve society. Oh! surely, 'tis this conscious spirit of resistance to all that is base, vile, and slavish, that renders us so estimable to ourselves, before that opportunity occurs that bids us claim the admiration and esteem of others; that brings us glory, and secures us fame!"

"That brings us glory! and secures us fame!" returned the diako, and smiled, and gently waved his head; "this is the language of ambition: philanthropy and patriotism breathe another sentiment; they teach us to deserve, not to command esteem and admiration; they teach us to disdain

the glory that is not purchased by the good we have effected. 'Twas love of country warmed his soul, who, rushing from the field of Marathon, lived but to breathe the story of her freedom, and died exulting. It was ambition fired his breast who was the conqueror at Marathon, and yet betrayed the country he had fought for."

"But may not," interrupted Osmyn quickly, "may not the sentiment which warmed the bosom of the harmless patriot, be blended with the love of glory, which led Themistocles to deeds of deathless fame?"

"It is to be devoutly hoped," returned the sage.

"It is more," replied Osmyn with enthusiasm, "it is to be devoutly felt!" and he pressed the hand of his friend to his throbbing heart.

"I do believe it, amiable young

man! If I endeavour to render you suspicious even of yourself, 'tis for your country's sake, if I would restrain your spirit, 'tis for the good of that cause, to whose welfare and success prudence, time, and caution, are no less requisite than vigour, courage, and enthusiasm. 'Tis the unanimity of the oppressed should make the oppressor tremble; but who will answer for the unanimity of those, whom slavery has long debased, whom religious prejudice divides, whom faction agitates, and interest rules. Many there are I know among them, whose spirit and whose sensibility recall the virtues of their glorious ancestors;* and many more who cherish hopes of freedom and prosperity to Greece: but ere you trust, and risk your country and your

* See note (m).

life, know them, try them, study and observe them! then build your confidence upon a sound and firm experience—then rest your hope and views upon a pure, disinterested, and sacred motive. Let not fame only actuate your life:

"The patriot's glory is his country's good!"

You have already distinguished yourself—the eyes of Athens are turned on you! It will soon be understood you are my friend, and the resident of my house; and you will mingle in society under circumstances peculiarly favorable to your cause. Meantime, remember that a conduct regulated by the nicest caution can alone render you the friend of Athens, and shroud you from the vigilance of the disdaraga."

lady home," said the diako: "you will find us near the Parthenon."

Osmyn and his friend proceeded towards the temple: already the castriani were sending forth from the battlements the deep holloa which proclaims the vigilance of their nightly watch. The diako expressed some solicitude for his niece, some surprise at her visit to the citadel.

"It was one," he said, "of those little imprudences into which her love of society, of pleasure, a certain facility of disposition, (that resigned itself too easily to a compliance with the wishes of others), frequently led her."

"She," said he, "who, upon great occasions is always great, is too frequently careless of the minute observances on which the safety and happiness of private life, and frequently

the tone of public estimation, so much depend."

Osmyn returned no answer; he walked with a rapid pace, to which the debility of the diako was unequal, and who sat down amidst the ruins of the Parthenon, while Osmyn, with folded arms, and eyes strained towards the residence of the disdar, paced before the temple with long and hasty strides. In a few minutes the light form of Ida was perceived moving towards the pronaos of the temple; she observed her uncle, hastened to join him, and dismissed her attendants; and placing herself at his side, with that charming talent of description which brings an image so strongly to the fancy and the mind, she was recounting to him the festivities of the evening—the brilliant illuminations of the gardens—the beauty

of the disdar's daughter, and the graces of the young turkish an grecian women, who composed the society; when Osmyn, who had not before approached, with a timid air and lingering step advanced towards them.

"It is your protegé," said the diako, "who has accompanied me hither, and who is anxious for an opportunity to express those feelings the interest you have taken in his fate awakens."

Ida was overwhelmed with confusion and surprise; she half arose, and again seated herself by her uncle. Osmyn pressed his hand to his heart; he advanced a few steps, bowed, but spoke not, and leaned on the fragment of a column, near which the diako sat. A silence of some minutes ensued; the thoughts of all seemed en-

gaged in contemplating the splendid, the beautiful, and awful ruins that spread around them; for their eyes at last wandered over the marble wonders, on which the moon now arose in cloudless brilliancy. Before them lay the mouldering temple of Erechtheus, immersed in shade; to the right, the snowy, shining pillars of the temple of Victory formed a dazzling contrast; and the mighty altitude of the Parthenon's matchless columns * was measured in its shadows on the shining surface of the earth; immense fragments of ponderous architecture, which had been shattered in the Venetian wars, † lay on every side, mingled with pieces of jasper and porphyry,

* Forty-six in number; forty-two feet high, and seven feet and a half in circumference. The temple is of the Doric order.

† In 1687.

with which the taste of Mussulman piety, and Christian devotion, had at distant intervals ornamented the heathen temple, as it alternately served as a mosque for the Turks, or a church for the Christians. The diako was the first to interrupt a silence that was not without its charm.

"Splendid wrecks of former glory!" he exclaimed, "wondrous relics! that eloquently speak the extent of human genius, and the fragility of human power! what lessons of humility might not the ambition and the pride of man receive from your prostrate columns!" "What lessons might not the tyranny and ignorance of man receive from monuments like these!" exclaimed Osmyn, with enthusiasm. "It is here the hero should receive his spirit; 'tis here the legislator

should form his code, and kings learn how to govern! The air we breathe is that which Pericles respired, when his munificent spirit devoted the spoils his valour won, to the erection of this monument of Athenian grandeur: the cypress of Egina, the marbles of Pentellicus are still in being; but the spirit that animated the block, that opened the cavern's sparkling veins, that cherished the genius of Plato and of Demosthenes, the spirit of patriotism! of freedom! is no more!"

"And lives and dies," said the diako, "with the government which takes the laws of nature for its basis. The genius and virtue of a nation are not the qualities of a peculiar atmosphere; they are the result of that kind of legislature which blends the interest of the individual with the general good, and guards the moral and the

natural freedom, which Heaven has made the birth-right of mankind! The natural man is still the same in Greece. It is evil policy that leaves no Phydias and no Pericles in Athens!"

"But tyranny," cried Osmyn, "must, by its own re-action, retribute its injuries. Slavery, to its extreme point, touches on the spring of freedom; nature, opprest to her utmost bearing, rises to assert her rights; and the slave who is driven mad by his wrongs, soon ceases to be vile under his injuries."

Osmyn now cast a glance at Ida; he percived her eyes raised to his; her look sunk to his soul, and mingled a passionate tender feeling with the sublimity of the ideas that occupied his mind: he thought that look would prove his inspiration; but it left him silent and intimidated—it checked re-

flection; but it awakened sensations sweeter than all reflection ever gave: he perceived she had suddenly withdrawn her modest eyes, and again directed her wandering glance to the grand and touching features of the scenery.

"Behold," said she, to her uncle, "the charming effect of those architraves and bas-relievos, as they are now partially betrayed and veiled, by the broken masses of light and shadow which the grand disorder and wondrous extent of the mighty edifice produce; as it here excludes, and there woos the slanting moon-beam. The contemplation of these ruins, which seem to inspire the eloquence of others, leaves me touched, yet speechless, with feelings suspended between rapture and melancholy; emotions which,

when they mingle, defy all power of expression."

"It is," said the diako, with a smile, "because the tender disposition of woman is always more inclined to sentiment than to reflection; because she rather loves to feel, than to reason. Man draws an inference from scenes like these, and argues while he contemplates; but woman feels, or fancies, while she views them. Her heart or her imagination still directs her eyes, and rules her mind."

"I must confess," said Ida, "there is at least to me a charm or spell in the aspect of a temple august as this, to which historic record lends its interest—poetic genius its enchanting vision, distinct from all political consideration. Even now, as I look around me, imagination clears the space of near three thousand years; and this

temple, rearing the columns of its former grandeur over scenes of existing desolation—speaking of the past, witnessing the present, and pointing to the future, connects within my mind those eras so remote, which time has severed by such distant links; and awakens in my soul emotions of such pure sublimity as mingle thought and feeling with eternity itself." Ida here addressed her uncle; but her eyes had glanced at Osmyn, and seemed to ask, "and do we feel together?" while the reply which Osmyn's emanated awakened in her bosom that delicious thrill, so sweet to feel, but so impossible to delineate.

The diako now arose—Ida took his arm; he accepted of Osmyn's, and they conducted the archondessa to her paternal home, which was at no great distance from the citadel

It was during this walk, that the diako enquired into the motive of her visit to the disdar. "Pleasure," said Ida, with animation, "simply pleasure. Besides, the beautiful Jumeli is not unknown to me; we have met at the bath, and there is nothing more graceful than her attractions."

"And the disdar-aga?"

"Oh! he did not appear; no men were admitted."

The diako felt assured, and sought not to dispel her innocent confidence.

Osmyn breathed more freely, yet could not understand the self-denial of the turk.

They had now reached the archon's house.

"Remember," said Ida, with a smile, as she bade them farewel, "to-morrow is the festival of the Chelidonia: you may expect us early."

"To-morrow is the festival of the Chelidonia: you may expect us early," murmured Osmyn to himself, and continued to repeat the sentence at intervals, until they arrived at the villa of the diako.

Those charming ceremonies which were in other times instituted by the religious gratitude of the ancient greeks, are not wholly lost in modern Athens. They are so true to nature, and to nature's feelings, that even the corruption of an enslaved people has not been able to extinguish them; and many of their interesting forms and poetic rites still survive the sentiment and the faith that once inspired them. The return of summer is always a subject of congratulation to man; and the young athenians still celebrate the revival of Zephyrus and the Rose, by

orphans, and natives of the island of Scio.

The next was that of an old ephore, a relation of the archon, and his numerous family of children and grandchildren.

The last was the volik of Ida.

She had indulged her classic fancy in assuming a costume purely antique; such perhaps as Aspasia wore when Pericles dictated the laws of an empire from her boudoir, or when Socrates imbibed his eloquence at her feet.

Her drapery, pure and light as drifted snow, resembled in its folds that of the priestesses who form the procession in the Metopes of the temple of Minerva; a thousand shining jetty curls were drawn through the ancient cekriphale, or golden-net that enclosed her luxuriant hair; the simple anadema bound its wreath across

her snowy forehead; and the astro-peplon, or embroidered scarf, caressed her neck and shoulders, or floated lightly on the passing gale: she touched at intervals the cythera, on which she leaned, and blushed and smiled, and glowed, in all the charming conscious triumph of youth, of beauty, and inspiring love. Her infant brothers, resembling new-born blisses, played at her feet; other children, frolic and full of hope and pleasure, filled the volik; and beside the arcondessa, sat the disdar-aga's charming daughter. The loose dualma, the folded turban, the caftan, and the veil, formed a contrast between the ancient greek and modern turkish dress, marked as the difference of the times and characters; marked as the difference of the respective wearers: yet they were both young, both charm-

Nor was he undistinguished; his adventure had already acquired him a universal celebrity: the young grecks beheld him with admiration, the old with curiosity and interest, but no one addressed him; there was in his air, his look, a lofty and conscious superiority, united to an evident reserve of manner, and absence of thought, that distanced even the courteous familiarity of the frank and gay athenians. Yet when the playful girls passed and repassed before him, with sly and bashful looks, and arch and stifled laughs, the dangerous smile of the luxurious satrap, softened the haughty glance that beamed in the hero's eye. How often did the timid looks of Ida hang upon that dangerous smile; how often did she shrink beneath that darkling, but empassioned eye, as leaning on her un-

cle's arms she walked near the spot where Osmyn stood, and listened to the tale of which Osmyn was the hero.

And now the old ephore descending from the kiosk, with the gay authority of cheerful age, insisted on their dancing the Ionian dance, in which he had, he said, himself excelled when he resided in Asia Minor.*

Ida, light as a zephyr, began its gentler windings, followed by her train of sylphs; she seemed to frolic on the air, rather than to touch the earth; and her scarf, as it floated on the breeze, sometimes enfolding her form, sometimes her brow, and sometimes waving in a thousand ways around her, was still less undulating

* The Ionian dance is still performed in Asia

and less graceful in its folds, than her pliant flitting form, in all its mazy movements.

Fatigue and gay confusion terminate the frolic dance—the panting girls, strangers to form or etiquette, seek repose on the velvet turf. One laughing girl hides herself amidst the clusters of the fragrant rose; another presses the balsamic dittany. Ida seeks the shelter of the spreading oak, around whose trunk the scarlet berries of the rich mimosa hung their vivid wreaths; nor till she had pressed the moss that carpeted its trunk, perceived how close beside her leaned the form of Osmyn.

His eyes were bent on her—her's on the earth; and though so near that each could catch the sigh the other breathed, yet neither spoke, for all

was still the mystic transport of a first, pure, ardent love.

The sun had now sunk in the Engia; and the breath of the declining evening was more delicious than the freshest breeze of the summer dawn: the air was impregnated with a mild effervescence, which awakens that sense of rapturous existence to be felt only in an eastern climate; the condensation of a thousand breathing flowers communicated to the vital element a taste, an odour, which intoxicated the senses, and rendered each pulsation of the heart an enjoyment in itself. All felt the beauty of the evening; but in the scale of human feelings what different degrees! What is the mere, the natural sensation, to that refinement on its simple bliss which fancy, love, and genius, only give.

Ida and Osmyn so separate, yet so

and less graceful in its folds, than her pliant flitting form, in all its mazy movements.

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and the fruit, which the blushing, smiling Ida laid beside him; and he was about to occupy a place to which the eyes of Jumeli invited him, (who listened to Stamati, but who gazed on Osmyn), when he missed from the bosom of Ida a rose that more than once had attracted the envy of his stolen glance. Under the influence of the little watchful jealousy which accompanies even the first dawn of passion in a delicate soul, the eyes of Osmyn sought in the nosegay of Stamati, and the young sons of the ephore, for that rose the touch of Ida had consecrated; he sought it amidst their flowers—but he found it in the centre of his own.

He could not be mistaken—for how can love's true instinct be deceived?—Oh, no! the rose breathed more of Ida than itself: it drooped, and Osmyn

smiled to think what gentler ardous had decayed its freshness. In all its bloom, it had been the object of his secret envy; and fragrant still in death, it was more grateful to his soul and senses than all the odorous blossoms that Hybla or Hymettus ever bore.

He let fall the other flowers; his triumph was too dear to be concealed: he pressed the precious rose to his lips and bosom, and sought the eyes of Ida; her bashful, tender, half-reproachful look, enchanted, yet reproved. He arose, and left the portico; and Ida staid, and played, and soon became a bankrupt.

The misty shower had now passed away and mingled with the evening dew upon the trees. The restless youth were again abroad, breathing the balmy freshness of the air, and the tender anxious parents observed the

gathering mists of night, and hurried them away. Jumeli, with all the false timidity that belonged to her education, feared to trust herself at night upon the water, and returned to Athens in a carabat,* which had been brought for her by her attendants.

It had been previously agreed on, that Ida and her infant brothers were to remain that night at the villa. But Ida could not refuse the solicitations of her charming cousins, Nanno and Zaphyra, to accompany them a little distance on the water; the night was so sweet, the air so fresh, and the bosom of the Engia so placid! It was proposed therefore by Stamati, that he, Osmyn, and her paramana, should follow in her own volik, that the two latter might accompany her back to

* A Turkish carriage, open at the sides.

the villa: the heart of Osmyn palpitated at the arrangement, and the smiling eyes of Ida did not oppose it. And now the Drogueman, his nieces, and Ida, in one boat; Stamati, Osmyn, and Kyra, in the other, embark on the Engia. Osmyn, at the request of Stamati, who had received a previous hint from Ida, sweeps the chords of a lyre, and the stilly silence that hangs upon its fainting tones is only interrupted by the splashing of the oars, a sound in itself not discordant.

Osmyn attempts a popular and simple air, whose words referred to rural occupations, and to rural strains; but he was unable to finish it; his voice and his lyre, like that of the Teian bard, could vibrate only to the inspirations of a passionate and enamoured soul—the burning sentiments of Sappho only were adequate to express

those ardent, impetuous, but tender feelings, which agitate his breast: again he abandons himself to the respiration of that passion she only could paint, and which his rich and mellow accents best could breathe; again he is lost in the influence of a strain to which every pulsation of his heart throbs in consonance.

In the first verse, his full rich tones depict the abandonment of enthusiastic admiration. In the second, the trembling fluctuations of his voice express the tender distraction which increasing love betrays; he pauses, the lyre is touched with a disordered hand; and the sentiments of the third verse die away in sweet but inarticulate sounds.

His charmed auditors feel the magic of his song, and express their applause with all the vivacity that belongs to

their country. Ida alone is silent—'tis in vain they press her to sing. She is relieved from their importunities by the prudent caution of her paramana, who reminds her of the distance they have already gone, and the lateness of the hour. The boats moor in a little creek. Ida returns to her volik---Stamati joins his party---the boats separate, and glide in opposite directions---the charming scionians wave their veils in the air---Ida returns the salute with her scarf, and projecting rocks soon conceal them from each other.

The paramana had seated herself at the further end of the boat, to tell her beads undisturbed. Ida sat near the helm, and Osmyn, with folded arms, stood beside her. It was a night favourable to all the most delicious feelings of the soul. It was an

hour dear to genius, sentiment, and love. The waning moon, faint and tender in her beams, shed round a vapoury twilight. The air, perfumed by the odours of the flowery shore, swelled at intervals to gentle sobs, and died away in sighs. The still, blue bosom of the deep but faintly reflected the lucid fires shed from the sparkling wings of the neveis ant,* or the twinkling fairy ray of the evening star.

A silence that inspired soft meditation and delicious melancholy, was only interrupted by the moan of the sicilian attagen, as it skimmed the wave, or the hoot of the gabbian, as it fluttered on its surface. At a distance from the volik a voat was visible, to which the lamp and trident of the

* The sea-ant, so frequently seen on the Ionian seas. Its wings resemble the lapis-lazuli.

athenian fishermen gave a poetic character; sometimes the rising breeze caressed the chords of the lyre; and sometimes the rowers, resting on their oar, suffered a profound and breathless silence to mingle with the soft and tender gloom of the fresh yet fervid hour.

Delicious season of the most enchanting climate!—What was your influence on hearts so sensible, on frames so finely organized, as those of the young, the innocent, but sensuous greeks?

Osmyn stifled not the sighs that bespoke the various tremblings of his heart; and Ida, as she faintly echoed them, betrayed a consciousness of their mutual feelings.

Osmyn was the first to interrupt a silence, that had its source in sweet and inexpressible emotion!

"If," said he, "we might speculate on heavenly joys, we should attribute to them such an influence as moments such as these awaken..... Heavens! what is language to a soul that feels? What words---what tongue---what looks can give the heart's emotion utterance!.... Lady, you saved my life! ---Oh more! you gave me new existence!---And yet---even now---in moments such as these---so near you too---so unobserved---I dare not---must not---cannot speak my feelings!"

"And wherefore need you?" returned Ida, with a timid smile; "moments like these are few and sacred, and should not be profaned by idle words; all breathes a silent and delicious melancholy; the soul is tranced in visionary bliss, and lesser faculties lie dormant."

"'Tis true! and sweet as true!"

a id Osmyn, sighing, " and I have always thought that nature gives to all her dearer joys, riches, and beauties, an air of touching, tender, soul-pervading melancholy! Smiles are the harbingers of moderate happiness; but 'tis no moderate bliss the sigh exhales!

" Behold these flowers!" he added, and drew from his breast the faded melissa and the rose, " it was your hand bestowed them!—it was on your bosom they expired! Was it a smile acknowledged the dear distinction they conferred?—oh, no!—charming flowers!—precious gifts!—the sigh with which my heart would now resign you might indeed be less delicious, but could not be more profound than that with which you were received."

Osmyn drew nearer—he ventured to seat himself by Ida—her head was

averted; and Osmyn, in a lower tone of voice, continued:——

"Reared to arms, to enterprize, and danger, they told me nothing of the peril I might encounter from a woman's eye; the influence a woman's genius might assume; not on my feelings only, but on my life, pursuits, and conduct! They told me not what hopes would spring—what bold presumption rise from favours lavished by a woman's hand!—Sweet dangerous favours!—And were ye lavished by a woman's hand? Humanity alone might lead her to a turk's mekkemâ; but was it chance or kindness made these flowers mine?—If it was chance indeed, thus I restore them!—If it was more than chance, they may be mine again!—the bliss, the joy, may not be doubtful or illusive!"

Ida felt the flowers on her hand,

which lay extended on her knee; her heart beat wildly. She cast round a timid and a fearful look; her colour fled; she gazed at the blossoms;—the rose was love's own flower—the melissa was Diana's; and both combined, expressed a chaste, though tender feeling. 'Twas less than love, if more than friendship and nature triumphed; but it was still a doubtful triumph! She cast down her troubled glance—she blushed—grew pale, and Osmyn again received the faded emblematic flowers.

But not the flowers only; for the first time he pressed the soft and lovely hand that now bestowed them.

"Lady!—Archondessa!—Ida!" he exclaimed in broken accents, nor daring to press his lips to a hand so loved, so trembling; he raised and held it to his eyes—that hand those eyes for

the first time bathed in love's delicious tears.

Moment of a pure and exquisite emotion; in the life of man you can find no parallel: you are known but once; yet once known, can you ever be forgotten?

The boat now anchored in its flowery harbour—the sailors flung down their oars—the pious paramana, who had slumbered over her beads, suddenly awoke and approached her charge. The dream vanished; but the feelings it inspired during its blissful trance, sunk to the heart, and became there a new but prominent sensation.

Osmyn offered his arm to Ida; silent, conscious, and abstracted, they walked towards the villa; while the bustling Kyra, close beside her lovely nursling, talked of the sea-air, of maresquino

cordial, of cyprus malmsey, and of some cold roast kid fed on the brow of the lesser Hymettus.

FIRST LOVE.

To please and love form not alone the destiny of woman! If in the brilliant flush of health and joy, man seeks her as the agent of his best felicity, in sickness and in sorrow, in care and anguish, he turns to woman's tenderness for comfort, and finds his truest, dearest, solace there. The mother, sister, mistress, wife, and child, is still the fondest, tenderest, and most anxious friend which nature gives to man in all the sad vicissitudes of life.

By a mild and scarce perceptible decay, the amiable diako of the young athenian was stealing from a world

where so very few resembled him. His walk with Osmyn to the Acropolis had been fatiguing beyond his strength to bear, and his exposure to the evening air, and the exertions he had made the following night, had considerably added to his delicacy. Since Ida had resided at her father's house, he had felt the loss of her endearing cares, in a thousand different respects; and when the morning after the feast of the chelidonia, she observed his loss of appetite at breakfast, his haggard looks and sunken eyes—she lavished on him those caresses of tenderness and pity so sweet from those we love, and offered, though with a blushing timidity that had never before accompanied such proposals, to remain with and watch over him till her father's return.

The offer was too grateful to the

weakness and the wishes of the diako to be rejected; and Ida, with an indefinite and mingled feeling of self-reproach, of pleasure, and confusion, beheld herself the inmate of a house where Osmyn was the guest. It was in vain she busied herself in attentions to her infant brothers, whom she seldom suffered from beneath her eyes, in the tenderest solicitudes for the uncle, whom she adored, or in her usual simple avocations with the vigilant Kyra. Still her thoughts were perturbed and wandering—still she sought the form of Osmyn—still she avoided his society. She endeavoured perpetually to recal his name upon the lips of others, but dared not trust herself to breathe it. Sometimes she shuddered to think that she had violated all pride, all delicacy, in the too obvious interest she had taken in his destiny—

sometimes she strove to reconcile her feelings by exaggerating the merits of that object who had thus disturbed their calm. Anxiety, delight, timidity, and hope, filled up the measure of an existence, so different in its character to what it once had been. A perpetual vacillation between delicacy, tenderness, pride, and sentiment, which woman's bosom only knows, agitated a breast to whose pure tranquillity the wild vicissitude of passion was hitherto unknown.

But Ida was a greek, and her country was love's region. She was a woman, and her soul was his throne. The charactery of her person and her genius alike breathed predisposition to a delicate and ardent sentiment, which should resemble her own rose and the melissa that entwined it—which should be at once pure and animated—whose

vivacity should be of the imagination, and whose tenderness of the heart—whose nature should seem rather an affection of the soul than an impulse of the passions. Now, for the first time, she had found an object worthy of her bosom's secret sympathy—now, for the first time, that sweet and sensuous melancholy, which blends so deliciously with all our liveliest pleasures, and associates itself so intimately with our purest joys, circulated its mild and subtile influence through all her natural and moral being.

Ida profoundly felt, but trembled to ascertain the precise nature of her new and sweet emotions. Hitherto she had been deemed (and deemed herself) insensible. Hitherto the athenian youths who had proferred their vows through the usual medium of some kind proxenetes, had found

their love returned with pity only---a sentiment so rarely linked to love.

It was not the moderate virtues—the passive qualities, to which the heart of Ida could resign its ardent feelings: with her, admiration only was a "kindred sound to love." It was superior energy and genius only could wake the latent spring of passion in her bosom; and in the lover of her heart she sought and found the hero of her fancy and ambition.

Meantime, the conduct of the slave was regulated by the manners of the archondessa—his whole being seemed informed by a soul which she alone had created for him—he looked in her eyes—he caught her faintest word—he hung on her smile---her steps, her attitudes, her movements, and his feelings were restrained and indulged by her who at once governed and inspired

them. He doubted that the same dwelling roofed their heads, and shuddered to risk the loss of the least of his delicious immunities by an incautious word, or thought, or look. He doubted the temerity with which he nourished a growing, fatal passion, and asked himself how he dared to love her. She was to him pure and ideal as a vestal's thought; and her genius and her form resembled in his imagination the bright etherial flame which sheds its light through the transparent beauty of a crystal vase.

The more he witnessed of her life, the more respect to awe was blended with his passion: her virtues soothed the feelings, which her charms had waked, and her fanciful and simple character chastened, while it warmed, his wild imagination.

Stamati, devoted to the cause in

which Osmyn had embarked, courted his society, and sought to win his confidence, and occupy his hours; and much of the morning was employed in secret meetings, with the boldest, bravest, youth of Athens, in making themselves acquainted with the feelings and dispositions of the peasantry of Livadia, and arranging plans, and forming views, which only time and opportunity could ripen.

But in the heart of Osmyn, passion was now opposed to passion — the mornings were to him tedious and irksome. He sought to sanction his change of feeling by the cautions given him by the sage diako, who still preached prudence, moderation, and confirmed experience of the characters to which they linked themselves.

But what were the evenings that succeeded to these irksome days?

Climate of Greece! their fragrant beauty belonged alone to you: spirit of love — your's were their higher bliss! the walk that never wearied—the book so seldom understood—the music that intranced—the glance that sought the soul—the sentiment the heart embodied---a flower exchanged or given---the twilight's pensive pleasures---the tender gaiety---the more delicious sadness---the timid, stifled sigh---the soft, malicious smile---the thrill, the hope, the fear, each in itself a little bliss, or blissful pain---evenings of love's first era. These were thy pure delights!

The charm which springs from moral excellence: that rare and lovely accordance between the perfect form and perfect mind---the calm delight---the pure felicity of each day beholding the object of a secret, sacred pas-

sion, filled up their whole existence: the past was lost; the future was not thought of. The tendency, the consequence, the fate of feelings, so enchanting, and so new, was never considered: each thought their secret safe, and revelled in the pleasures their mutual, fancied prudence, still produced. Their love was like the mystic union of pure and spotless souls, which cloisteral superstition dreams of. The timid, awed respect of Osmyn; the daily intercourse and conscious purity of Ida, restored to her bosom and her manners those sentiments of confidence and freedom, so natural to her ingenuous character. Sometimes, smiling and playful, she flung round the neck of Osmyn the wreath her hands had woven to please and twine her infant brother's. Sometimes, as she frolicked near him, she maliciously dispersed

the plumage of the badadgie eajh, with which he strove to wing his now neglected arrows, or snatching up his bow, aimed at his heart with that arch air of conscious beauty, which pointed out a meaning in her playfulness; and when he ran to snatch her arms, she threw herself on the diako's bosom, and blushed and laughed, and slily dared a vengeance, never hazarded but in his presence, or her paramana's; while Osmyn, charmed with freedoms so bewitching, yet tantalized as charmed, scarce knew what hope or fear to cherish, so intimately did the girlish playfulness of youth and innocence blend with the woman's fond and tender feelings.

One shade alone darkened the bright horizon of a maturing passion: the friend, the relative, the adored preceptor of the young athenians, grew

daily worse. Aware of his approaching fate, he sought to lengthen out the joys of those he loved, by concealing from them the truth, so fatal to their happiness; not only as his life influenced their feeling towards himself, but towards each other.

He had penetrated into their mutual sentiments of admiration; he observed the predisposition of their feelings to a passion, which both were so calculated to inspire---so worthy to experience. But he no longer considered the sentiment of love in that hypothetic point of view, in which the fiction of romance may depict it; but which, in life or nature, it is so seldom to be found. He considered it in its actual and relative influence, as a natural passion, refined or debased, according to the sentiments by which it was ac-

companied, and the minds and characters on which it operated. He looked on it in this sense as the invariable concomitant of virtue and of genius: since the one is the result of the regulated, and the other of the ardent affections. He looked on it in its best sense, as a sentiment alone, capable of purifying the passions, of subliming the soul, and inspiring that elevation of thought and idea which leads to great actions, and awakens a love for all that is grand and noble. But in the excellence of the passion he saw not an inevitable duration as to its object: he believed that the influence it produced in its first experience, gave the predominant tone to the after views of the mind, and coloured the leading traits of the future conduct:—that he, who had once loved, nobly erected a standard in his

heart, to whose test the merit of succeeding objects would constantly be brought. But he did not believe that in that heart, whose first hopes were blasted, the source of sensibility was to be for ever dried. Thinking, therefore, like one who had studied the operation and tendency of the passions, not in books, but by a close observance of human nature, in all its various relations; in whatever view he considered the innocent loves of Osmyn and Ida, he saw no fatal circumstance arising from their result. As yet, indeed, it had assumed no strong and definite character: it was a bright and sweet illusion---a pure and delicate flame. The shadow of the vapour, which exhales its fragrant sigh to heaven, was not more subtile, more light, or transient; but should reason, passion, nature, dispel the se-

raph-dream---should prejudice, and pride, and interest, rush between felicity and love, even then, he saw not despair and misery unalterable, clouding the future destiny of hearts so formed for love, and love's delights. He knew the active soul, the ambitious spirit, and heroic views of Osmyn; and he knew that passion could be combated by passion only, where reason failed, and prudence was contemned. He knew the regulated mind of Ida: he knew that in her bosom a pure but yet unlicensed passion would ever be subordinate to pride, to delicacy, and, above all, to those social laws which knit the bonds of human happiness and consecrate the feelings which nature gives.

But should their infant passion ripen to confirmed and ardent love, the haughty archon might be swayed to

blend the destinies of creatures so superior, so unequalled, so worthy of each other. Eventually, however, its present influence was to both an unknown but an actual blessing: the dearest tie which sentiment and habit had twined round the feeling heart of Ida, was now near being for ever wrenched away. Another only, consonant to her unfolding sensibility, could supply its place, engage her thoughts, and solace her regret---that other could alone be love!

Osmyn, influenced by ideas, by sentiments whose association and confirmed influence were now unvanquishable by argument or by reason, had embarked in a cause noble in its object, but dangerous, uncertain, and even fatal in its enterprise. No change in Greece could be for the worse; but he saw not the views of Russia in that

aspect. The ardent Osmyn had considered them; he knew the instability of athenian feelings; he knew the power and cruelty of the turks; and though he wished not to extinguish the pure and noble spirit which animated the soul of Osmyn, he wished for some counteracting influence to the impetuous and unguarded conduct that spirit would eventually actuate: but to the dauntless enterprise of wild, romantic, unavailing valour—to the haughty dictates of fierce, untamed ambition—to the consciousness of self-superiority, of high endowments, and commanding genius—what so softening, what so restraining, what so ennobling, as the influence of a pure and tender passion! It is in the indulgence of this mild, delicious sentiment, that man, drawn back to nature's dearest dictates, feels the inefficiency of all

the cold and artificial passions which the corruption of society gives birth to. He who has once felt the ecstasy of finding a warm and tender heart, finely responsive to his own, in all its feelings, sympathies, and intimations, laughs at the senseless bustle of mankind—ambition, avarice, the rage of battle, and the pomp of office! What are they to him who loves, and is beloved? Factitious passions may engage—may gratify: but it is in the actual feeling which nature only gives, when two accordant souls touch in all points—when an entire coherence in every feeling, passion, thought, and act, is felt and cherished—that true and pure felicity alone is known. Man mars his views of happiness by the indulgence of artificial passions: nature restores their harmony and concord by love alone.

While the amiable diako hourly felt within himself that increasing progress of decay which boded a speedy dissolution, Ida, deceived by his hopes, and equally deceived by her ignorance of a disorder so illusory in its last and fatal symptoms, was unremitting in those attentions which sooth and sweeten, if they do not prolong, the last stages of existence. The spirits of her beloved and tender friend seemed daily to rise to a finer tone, without losing any thing of their original gentleness. An eye brightening into the purest lustre—a cheek glowing with the deep tints of an hectic influence—all imposed on the fond wishes of the inexperienced Ida; and she readily mistook the last stage of a consumptive disorder for the precious symptoms of returning health.

Nor did her friend seek to undeceive her: he wished not to fling an unne-

cessary shade upon that life, which, though now bright and smiling, was human, and therefore liable to many future clouds, and storms inevitable. He wished not to give the false colouring of a disordered imagination to an event so infinitely less awful in itself than in the gloomy drapery with which the errors and the prejudice of man have dressed it. Death was to him no unexpected circumstance, replete with terrors. It was the repose, long promised, from the care, and pain, and sorrow, and all the ills which "flesh is heir to."

His life had been his death's preparative: no selfish indulgence—no peevish plaint—no idle ceremony—no debasing forms, shadowed the last bright hours of a life which softly declined on the horizon of existence, like the mild repose of the sun as it fades

amidst the balmy beauty of an autumnal evening.

Aware that it was not by the few and feeble moments that remained, his eternal destiny could now be influenced, but by the tenor of that life gone by, he sought not mercy through the intercession of others, or his own: he strove to deserve it, by devoting his last exertions to the happiness and virtue of those he left behind him. He exclaimed not to his young and tender friends, in all the ostentation of a self-supposed perfection, "Come, and see how a christian should die!"---but by the example of his innocent and useful life, by the last documents of his fading breath, he taught them how a christian should live---how merit the reward which death brought with it to the good and virtuous! He spoke not in axioms or in dogmas: to the last he

was mild, enlightening, and persuasive: he knew the weaknesses of human nature, and he shaped his admonitions to its pride. Surrounded by the young and lovely---by those of whom we are told heaven's kingdom is itself composed—a few affecting sentiments, relative to the conduct of life, were delivered with simplicity and tenderness, and always relevant and interwoven with the general tone of conversation!

The susceptible Zaphyra repeated to him with tears, and dwelt in raptures on the virtue and fidelity of a young Scionian, who was dying of a broken heart, in consequence of the infidelity of her lover, who had married another.

"The best that can be said," he replied, smiling, "of such a conduct is, that it betrays an amiable weakness of

character." He fixed his eyes on Ida, and continued: "Love is an involuntary affection; it resists the law of volition, and deprives the mind of that free agency which distinguishes it under the influence of other passions. Every one loves as long as he can; but the sentiment is not to be commanded into existence, nor is the period of its duration to be defined. It argues a profound ignorance of human nature to expect eternal fidelity in a lover; and the woman who lives only to lament an inconstant, mistakes weakness, and want of pride and of reflection, for sensibility and virtue. But inconstancy, so frequent, and perhaps venial in unwatched lovers, becomes at once fatal and criminal in those who stand accountable to society and each other for the observance of a tie formed by natural affection, and consecrated by

the laws and religion of their country: their sentiment is nourished by duty; their interests are blended with affections; their constancy in love becomes a positive virtue, from the harmony and social concord it preserves: and the lover still enamoured of the wife—the mistress still devoted to the husband—present to the happy offspring of a passionate and holy union an example of love and virtue that seems symbolic of that pure beatitude which faith and fancy image to the soul as the reward of every human trial and mortal excellence."

Stamati joined their little circle one evening: his countenance flushed with the pleasure he felt in having relieved a poor Albanian peasant, whom a cadi had condemned to some heavy fine for a trivial offence; and he expressed his satisfaction in terms proportioned to the animation of his character.

"Yes," said the diako, "pleasure and virtue are so nearly allied, that it is wonderful they should be ever separated. They are the incomprehensible dogmas with which morality is loaded; they are the confusion of terms and diversity of relations in which it is considered, that render its laws so difficult of comprehension, and sometimes so impracticable in performance. Refer to nature, and you will find nothing more simple. Self-love teaches us to be virtuous for our own sakes—social love, for the sake of others. It is an union of both that at once refers to human weakness, and produces the perfection of human virtue."

The fear of death was spoken of by Osmyn as an emotion incompatible with true greatness of soul.

"But greatness of soul," returned the diako, "is sometimes affected by those who are led away by a false

glory; and sometimes by those who only labour for their own elevation in life. True greatness of soul is, so to serve society as to deserve its applause, without making that applause the sole object of our exertion. The fear of death, however, is incompatible with a life of virtue—with reason and experience. We all know that generations press after generations towards eternity, and that in the last hour of existence, when the factitious passions appear divested of all their gaudy covering—appear in all their original folly and meanness—it is then that the affections and sentiments of nature cling to its last struggle, and the dear consciousness of an useful and benevolent life comes, like an angel of comfort, to sooth and solace us for the loss of ties death only severs. It was thus that Pericles, a victorious warrior,

and a successful legislator, dying in the arms of his devoted friends, smiled and owned that not all the trophies his valour had won, and patriotism erected to the honour of his country, and the defeat of his enemies—not even the glorious reign of forty prosperous years—brought to his life's last hour a joy so pure, as the conviction that no act of his had ever thrown a mourning robe upon the shoulders of a fellow-citizen.

"Oh, yes, virtue is but an abstract term for positive affection towards our fellow-creatures. Let us not injure the interests of society, by a selfish indulgence of transient propensities: let us love (and act as if we loved) the species to which we belong: let us consider that life is so fleeting, it is not worth risking the hope of an immortality for the indulgence of a moment's

impulse. We shall then lead the life of the virtuous, and die the death of the blessed."

It was thus he continued to promulgate sentiments so true to reason and to nature, amidst the charming circle that generally surrounded him.

Though weak and debilitated, he still aimed at cheerfulness and exertion: he received not his young guests amidst the gloom of a darkened chamber, a sepulchral silence, a pent-up atmosphere, and all the deep and solemn sadness which gothic gloom hangs on the last moments of existence, and which, from association, form so great a part of the horror we experience in the hour of death: but amidst scenes of high sublimity—of fragrance, and of beauty—sometimes in his garden, sometimes in the kiosk, sometimes in the portico, but always where the view

of nature's works, so sweet and so refreshing to the sickly frame and weakened mind, was to be enjoyed and tasted; and his couch, like the urn of Philopœmen, was covered with flowers and wreaths, less grateful for their odours, than dear to him from the hands that gathered and wove them for his enjoyment.

Sometimes he would say with a smile to Ida, "I think, with Anacreon, the rose is pleasant to the sick, and grateful to the dead." Another time he would add, "I do not agree with the english Euripides, that—

> 'The herbs that have on them the cold dews o' the night,
> Are strewings fit'st for graves.'

I should prefer the amaranth that blushed on the tomb of Achilles, which is the flower of tender recollection. If

the friends I leave behind plant a cypress at my grave, let roses mingle with it."

It was thus he sought to blend images, so agreeable to the gay emotions of youth, with feelings of regret the heart so naturally indulges in for the loss of an object dear to its affections. He knew that a sentiment of morality, round which a correspondent pleasure entwines itself, will ever be more impressed on the mind, than the document which can never be referred to without the accompaniment of a sad and melancholy recollection. It was thus in consideration of all human weakness he sought to make the senses in some respects the conductors to the reason, and to secure the memory of his precepts in the heart of those who, if they turned to them with tender sadness, would still find a pure

and pleasurable remembrance associated with their regret.

Already had three weeks, crowned by love, by friendship, and instruction—enriched by poetry, by music, and by sentiment—flown away, like the flowing days of infant pleasure, towards the goal of time; when one evening, as Ida sat by the feet of her diako, plaiting for him one of the tresses of her hair into a ring, and chatting playfully over a labour so simple and affectionate, while Osmyn hung over a book into which he never glanced, a letter was delivered to the archondessa, which announced the arrival of her father from the Morea, and his command that she should instantly return home. Ida read, and turned pale: Osmyn, whose eyes were fixed on her, grew paler still. It was not the *nature* of the command that only struck the

heart of Ida; for she dearly, tenderly loved her father. It was the *manner*, so cold, so imperious, so unlike the kindest man and fondest father. She gave the letter to her uncle, and turned away in silence towards the lattice of the kiosk: she beheld the carabat that was sent to carry her away, and she covered her face with her veil.

"Ida!" said her uncle, in a faultering voice. She turned round, and beheld the emotions of his venerable countenance. She knew not all its cause; yet she sought not to aggravate it by betraying her own: she tried to smile as she approached him—she took his hand, and seemed to engage herself in placing her ring on his finger; but her full heart could not suppress its powerful feelings, and the hand that trembled in her's was bathed in her tears, even though she smiled.

The diako strove to reflect back her smile; but an involuntary tear mingled with her's. He gazed at the ring---he pressed the hand that bestowed it. "This little ring," said he, "is an appropriate gift: its circle is symbolic of eternity. I shall part with it and life together. Dearest Ida, whenever it shall be restored to you, you shall receive it from one whose tender sympathy in your sorrow shall sooth and solace your regret."

The secret omen that lurked in this speech struck on the soul of Ida: she had no longer any power to check her emotions---she threw herself on her preceptor's neck.

"And must I go?" she exclaimed, weeping---"Must I leave you, my last and dearest friend, at a moment that you require those cares your child, your Ida, can alone lavish on you?

No, it is impossible: they shall not take me from you:" and sliding from his arms, she sunk at his feet, and pressed his hands to her lips and forehead. "And when did Ida learn to sacrifice a duty to a sentiment?" returned the diako with an air of mild reproof—"The nature of her father's letter shews the necessity of her immediate return to Athens. If it assigns not the cause, his long absence requires a child's endearing welcome to hail his return to his home and country. Nor am I so selfish or so ill as not to spare for some few days those tender cares which Ida indeed alone can lavish, when higher duties call her from me. Ida did not always weep when thus she left her friend to share her fond affections with her father."

The tears dried on the burning, blushing cheeks of Ida. She felt the

delicate inference that lurked in this address. She had endeavoured to conceal from herself that anxiety for her friend's precarious health, which, though it was the paramount feeling, was not the sole cause of her regret. One glance at Osmyn, who stood the image of despondency, immoveable and speechless, convinced her it was not. Neither had ascertained the extent of their passion till the moment arrived which separated them from its object: and to the delicate feelings, the susceptible spirits, the tender heart of Ida---her anguish for her uncle's danger—her sudden privation of all the sinless joys, and hopes, and bliss, of first-felt ardent love—and the harsh severity of her father's unkind letter, came with a force her nature, as yet unpractised in suffering and anxiety, was unable to resist.

Yet her delicacy afforded a relief

against her feelings her reason could not have suggested. She chased away the tears that lingered on her cheek---she arose and embraced her uncle.

"I go," said she, with a stifled sigh, and melancholy smile; "I go since you desire it: but I shall inform myself of your health; and its amendment alone shall prevent my instant return to your arms---no, it is not sentiment alone that should fix me near you---'tis duty also."

The diako embraced her in silence---a slight convulsion passed across his countenance; and the effort he made to suppress his emotion produced a smile of agony. Ida perceived it not, for her head lay on his bosom. Osmyn observed his struggles, and flew to his assistance. At that moment the children and the paramana entered to take their leave. The neighing of the horses

at the door of the kiosk expressed their impatience.

"Come," said the diako, taking the offered arm of Osmyn, and making an effort to rise, "here are Joachimo and Petrarchi, impatient to behold their father." The children smiled, and frolicked before him. At their age, whatever makes a change makes a pleasure also.

Meantime, the bustling Kyra had thrown the veil and scarf over the head and shoulders of Ida; and the expression of her countenance was but faintly perceptible through the gauze that covered it.

The diako, feeble as he was, would accompany them to the door of the kiosk. The children and the paramana were already in the carabat. Ida lingered by her uncle's side, and Osmyn supported him.

They paused for a moment at the door of the kiosk. The sun was setting in melancholy splendor---heavy masses of clouds received the deep gold of his beams---the tide murmured on the shore, and died away in lessening moans---the air was perfumed, but fervid and oppressive---and the character of the surrounding scenery was of the highest tone of sublimity.

The diako gazed around him---he withdrew his arm from that of Osmyn, and twining it round the form of Ida, he seemed to present her to that heaven towards which his other arm was now extended. A religious triumph beamed in his eyes---a holy enthusiasm involved his figure---a rapt etherial mildness, diffused over his countenance and person, resembling that which fancy gives to sainted excellence in the moment of its transfiguration. The veil

of Ida had fallen back: she seemed to participate in the religious inspiration of her friend---the purity of her soul was effused over her countenance---her feelings and her thoughts were mingling with eternity. The grand consciousness of future immortality filled her whole being---her heart whispered her, the moment shall arrive when, reunited to those you love, you shall part no more. Delicious tears swelled to her eyes---a human affection mingled with an eternal hope. She sunk on the bosom of her beloved friend---their arms interlaced, and their tears mingled. Osmyn, at a little distance, with an involuntary impulse bent one knee to the earth. A sacred emotion thrilled through his heart, resembling that divine love by which an amiable fanaticism blends a mortal feeling with religious adoration. At last Ida,

trembling for her uncle's weakness, disengages herself from his embrace, and turns her eyes on Osmyn. He flies towards them---he receives her uncle from her arms---he has no power to express what passes within his own soul, but Ida, by a single glance, reads it in his eyes---their looks mingle---and the languages of the earth would have proved inadequate to the translation. It is by looks like those that the idea of the immediate influence of celestial grace can be best formed, or best conceived.

At last Ida is placed in the carabat ---it drives swiftly away---her looks still linger back. Osmyn supports his friend---their eyes follow the carriage ---the arms of the diako are stretched out---an angle in the road conceals them; and Ida is spared the shock of beholding her beloved friend fall lifeless in the arms of Osmyn.

It is the destiny of nations, when they have attained to a certain pitch of exaltation or oppression, to seek, by an irresistible impulse, a contrary state. The turks already felt the re-action of their impolitic tyranny. The islands of the Archipelago afforded to Russia some of the most able of her seamen; and partizans to her cause were to be found in the heart of her enemy's country. Athens, from the well-known factious character of her sons, and still more from the intolerance and oppression which, as a distant province, she laboured under, became an object of suspicion to the Porte; and the kislar-aga, who always retained the power of nominating her magistrates, gratified his family interests, while he acted under the suggestion of a wily policy in appointing his nephews to its government.

In placing the civil power in the

hands of Mustapha, a timid, luxurious, and inactive character—in fixing Achmet at the head of the military department—he efficiently, though not apparently, changed the government of Athens; and while a nominal official influence was supported by the vaivode, the disdar-aga governed by military law, and held the athenians in a subjection, supported and preserved by the cannons mounted on the ramparts of the Acropolis, and the troops which, scattered through the province, could be in a few hours assembled round its ancient walls. Against a people whom mildness could have subdued, coercive measures were eternally pointed; and the national sensibility of the athenians, neither understood nor consulted, was daily irritated by those unavailing insults against which the weakness and the dignity of human nature equally revolt.

Achmet-aga united in his character the vices and the virtues of his nation, in the extremes of both: firm and dauntless in attack, a steady resistance intimidated and repulsed him: tyrannical and oppressive where force alone was sufficient to sanction injustice, he was pliant and submissive where dissimulation was required to obtain a desired object. Brave to intrepidity in the field, in the cabinet he was timid and undecided; and always fearing the reaction of his own tyranny, the slave, whose life he commanded, could by a look make him tremble for his own.

In his early life he had been a member of a medrassa, and had obtained the degree of a solitas, or mature student.* But the mind, vitiated by education, though rays of learning may be effused over its surface, resembles those colours which absorb the

* See note (o)

light without reflecting back its lustre; as the diseased organ of human vision contracts in proportion to the quantity of rays poured into it. It was thus that the character of Achmet became more dark, more self-concentrated, from the reputation of those talents which, though only estimable by comparison, gave him a decided superiority over the ignorant and the prejudiced; but however faint the luminations which intelligence bestows, it still brings with it a comparative refinement of sentiment, even where benevolence of feeling forms not its concomitant; and the mind of Achmet-aga frequently sought in love for that super-added enjoyment, which all the beauty of his crowded harem could not bestow. His first, or chief wife, had been one of the egyptian almæ, whose graces and brilliant acquire-

ments (the peculiar attributes of her profession) had rendered her the object of his admiration. He had purchased her at an immense price, and married her according to the laws and religion of his country. She was now no longer young; she had never been beautiful; yet she retained, by the superiority of her talents, an influence over his mind from which his passions and his heart equally revolted.

The aga was in the prime of life; he was handsome, and affected an air of european gallantry, which assorted not with the eastern manners, and the sullen grandeur of islamism, so obvious in his grave and lofty mien.

Curiosity alone sometimes brought him to his harem, which the arrival of a new slave awakened; but he entered it without interest, and left it in disgust. Those forms, so fair but so insipid—

those characters, so tame and so uninteresting—those manners, so coarse yet so submissive—still left his feelings calm —his heart disappointed; and he sought relief from satiety in the amusing narrations of his egyptian alma, whom he considered rather as a sybil than a mistress; and whose person now more resembled the former in its character than the latter in its charms.

But what were the still-life beauties of his neglected harem, the professional abilities of his withered sybil, to the intelligent loveliness—the animated graces—the persuasive eloquence—the energy—the feeling—the soul, that shed their divinity over that beautiful and perfect form he had beheld prostrate at his feet in the mekkemê—that form which confounded itself with all his thoughts, with all his feelings; which had taken possession of his brain

—which could not be banished from his imagination?---That she was a greek—that she was the daughter of his friend—of an archon, was an equal stimulus to his love and to his interest. For the first time he had difficulties to encounter—he had prejudices to vanquish—ties to loosen—affections to win. Would the archon consent to give him his daughter? Would the daughter consent to become his wife? and would it be possible to force or to induce her who now bore the title to submit to divorce? He knew the christian and the greek would never consent to terms both lawful and honourable in a mussulman and a turk; that he must make the archondessa his wife according to the rites of the greek church and the christian establishment; and he well knew that, in this instance, force and power availed him nothing.*

* See note (p)

There was, therefore, but one solvent before which all these difficulties could melt away—it was the love of the archondessa herself; and arguing from the uncontrouled violence of his own passions, could he but possess himself of that, he believed himself secure of the accomplishment of every other wish; but even for that, time and opportunity were requisite, and the one was as incompatible with his impatient ardour, as the other was difficult in obtaining. The reputation of Ida had reached him before he beheld her; but so carefully do the greek women exclude themselves from the turks, that though he visited frequently at her father's house, he had never seen her till she had appeared in all the lustre of beauty and enthusiasm at his feet in the mekkemê of the Acropolis. Capable of the most profound dissimu-

lation, he had induced his daughter to visit Ida, and to obtain her promise to attend the feast of the donalma. It was then that, disguised as a slave, he had an opportunity of minutely considering her charms. It was from his hands she received her fruit and sherbet —it was on his assiduous attentions she lavished smiles of gratitude and condescension: at last, when she retired to an arbour to avoid the glare of a sun-beam, that prevented her looking at the dancers, he followed her, and with a tone and manner full of humility, begged she would inform him of the destiny of a youth who had been his fellow slave, and whose forfeited life had been saved by her humane and powerful mediation.

Ida, though surprised, though deceived, was guarded by her native delicacy of feeling; she betrayed no

emotion at the name of Osmyn, and she answered with truth and seeming indifference; she had neither seen nor known aught of him since she had beheld him in the mekkemê of the disdar. She was then about to quit the arbour, when the audacious slave seized and pressed her hands with ardour to his lips.

Ida released herself and fled. This temerity offended—shocked the delicacy of her nature; and her wounded, her indignant modesty prevented her mentioning to her preceptor an incident that even in recollection covered her with shame and with confusion. She knew not how to account for the conduct of the slave, but by supposing the ardour of his gratitude for his friend's salvation had urged him beyond all boundaries of respect or prudence.

Yet even this consideration, though it taught her to forgive, lessened not the disgust and shame the unexpected incident awakened; but that incident, so wounding to the sensitive feelings of a character so pure, so chaste, so inviolate as Ida's, awakened a new pulsation of love and hope in the heart of the aga. His credulity and shallow penetration reposed in confidence on the reply which the delicacy of Ida had returned to his artful interrogation; he beheld in his quondam slave the object of a humane and tender pity he could not understand, but did not discredit; and the vanity of self-love taught him to wonder that he could for a moment dread a rival, even in the proudest turk of Athens, much less in the obscure greek slave, whom by a word he could annihilate!

But it was this conscious power—

it was this self-supposed superiority, that rendered him blind and insensible to the influence of Osmyn, and careless of urging his departure from Athens. He was also influenced in the mildness of his conduct by his wish to secure the gratitude of Ida, and the esteem and good opinion of her uncle. So true it is, that a virtuous woman, in the most ardent sentiment she inspires in the most licentious bosom, mingles with the vehemence of passion a respect, if not a love, for what is good and excellent. It was, however, with a poignant feeling of mortification, of disappointment, and regret, that he learned the tidings of Ida's removal from Athens to her diako's villa; and while he was brooding over the probable means of her removal, an insurrection in a neighbouring province called him, on military and official

duty from Athens, and private feelings were obliged to slumber under the pressure of public exigency. It was after a fortnight's absence that, on his return, he learned that Ida and Osmyn were still associated beneath the diako's roof. It was then that, with aggravated feelings of love and jealousy, he dispatched a letter anonymously addressed to the archon, informing him of his daughter's danger, and the bold presumptuous hopes of a truant rebel slave. He knew the boundless pride and haughty spirit of the archon's cahracter: he knew the irradicable horror of grecian superstition respecting unequal marriages; and profoundly artful when his own interests were in question, he played with the passions and prejudices of the athenian, the father, and the man, with the consummate policy of one who

had studied human nature sufficiently to render its weaknesses subservient to his own purposes, though wholly incapable of generalizing his experience, or extending his knowledge beyond the limited circle of his own narrow views.*

The archon received the letter—devoured its contents—was touched upon the nerve where all his weakness lay; and supposing that line of conduct always romantic which did not assimilate to his own established train of confined ideas, attributed the misfortune with which he was threatened to what he deemed the romantic sentiments of his brother-in-law, and hastened back to Athens to save his daughter, while he believed safety was yet practicable.

For the first time Ida beheld her

* See note (q)

paternal home without pleasure, and advanced to meet her father with timidity and apprehension. When the heart is absorbed by a great passion, every feeling, every emotion of our being, blends itself with its influence; the remotest circumstance finds a connexion with it; we fear no misfortunes with which it is not associated; we indulge no hope but what it regulates. The conscious Idá trembled lest some unknown power had discovered to her father the secret of her soul; and she, who sought to conceal from herself how much she loved, shuddered to conceive under what a variety of prejudices and passions the object of that love would be considered by a man to whose errors of judgment and opinion she was indulgent, but not unconscious. Over the birth of Osmyn a mystery still hung it was impossible to dissipate;

but the nobility of his soul, his sentiments and actions, held its patent from a higher source than the power or discretion of man could bestow. Besides, she loved him; and love, true to nature, knows no inequality but that which is marked by nature herself; yet these reflections awakened Ida, for the first time, to the probable consequences and destiny of a passion which was now interweaving its influence with every thought of her present existence, and every prospect of her future life. Her father met her with a coldness into whose cause she had not the courage to inquire; timid and conscious, she hung on his bosom; and her confusion and awakened feelings giving an unusual tenderness to her caresses, the susceptibility of the father and the greek was unable to resist.

Ida beheld and triumphed in the success of those affectionate impulsions, which emotions of love, of shame, and fear, equally with filial tenderness, had influenced; and in reviving the usual tone of her father's kindness, she sought to forget herself, and to teach him to forget that it had ever known an interruption. She spoke with tears of the apprehension her uncle's delicate health gave rise to, and heard with equal fear and pleasure that her father intended visiting the villa the following day. She trembled to think what might be the object, and what the result of that visit, and retired early to her own apartment, with that ardent desire to be alone which the mind feels when, distracted by the novelty and force of its internal emotions, it seeks to escape that observation which checks or opposes their indulgence.

The next morning Ida beheld the departure of her father for her diako's villa with a heart that vibrated between its hopes and fears; she dreaded, yet longed for his departure—she equally feared and longed for his return. It is in this suspenseful state that we feel an equal restlessness of the corporeal as of the mental faculties; and that change of place or change of objects still appears to offer no relief against anxiety, and still mocks our expectation in its result.

Ida had heard that Jumeli had frequently sent to inquire for her during her absence from Athens; and this little attention sanctioned a visit to the disdar-aga's daughter, which would relieve the tedium of her present existence, and afford her an opportunity of inviting to the festival of the chelidonia—that festival, whose recol-

lection was always associated with the most delightful moments, the most enchanting feelings of her life.

As she passed though the area of the citadel, followed by her attendants, she perceived the disdar-aga surrounded by his officers; and it did not escape her observation that his eyes recognized and pursued her figure. Jumeli received her with her usual cordiality of manner, in which there was always a selfish kindness. Every thing that interrupted the tameness of her life assumed the character of a pleasure merely because it wore that of a variety; and she was flattered in the idea, that she was the only turkish fair with whom the celebrated archondessa Rosemeli associated. Ida admired in Jumeli her beauty, her cheerfulness, the indolent softness of her manners, and the apparent kindness of

her disposition, which, though more the result of climate than principle, had at least something of that air and goodness which is always admirable and endearing, even to those who do not themselves possess either the reality or appearance of the virtue. A common observer would have said that the uninformed Jumeli must have been more true to nature than the intelligent Ida; but can an ignorance of nature's laws and forms, render us more alive to her feelings and impressions? Jumeli, in fact, though ignorant, simple, and unenlightened, was sophisticated and prejudiced. In the few ideas and opinions she had acquired, she saw every thing through a false medium—she felt every thing through a wrong impulse—she had no precise ideas of wrong and right, but what an adherence or neglect of the forms, the

ceremonies, and manners of her country inculcated. Her natural passions were equally inflamed by an indulgence and restraint equally erroneous; her talents had been cultivated only for the senses. She sung, danced, and played the tympanum and turkish guitar: with a little modification of manner, she would have fully answered for the brilliant circles of another world than that in which she lived, and where she would have found so many who resemble her---who amuse but do not charm---who know not how to enjoy or how to resist.

But Ida was not formed for a circle governed by arbitrary forms: her thoughts, her ideas, her feelings were generalized and blended with the universe. She could enjoy—she could resist with a power which borrowed its capability from the necessary alterna-

tion of that denial and that fruition from which wrong and right proceed and diffuse their influence on society.

Yet, though so different in character, there were certain sympathies in the dispositions and manners of the lovely turk and lovelier greek, which rendered the society of each grateful to the other. They both held the most distinguished rank in their respective classes---they were both young, tender, gay, and social; and they both held a secret influence over each other by the association of those ideas formed under the impressions of an infant passion; for it was through the medium of Ida that Jumeli had first beheld Osmyn, the beauty of whose person had cultivated her light and fickle fancy.* While she encouraged the homage of Stamati as a tribute

* See note (r)

grateful to her vanity; every thing about the Acropolis, its ruins, its towers, its governor, and even the governor's daughter, entered (by a principle of association) into the love of Ida for the object of her first, her delicate, and timid passion. It was at the Acropolis she had witnessed that noble intrepidity of soul, that contempt of danger, and love of country, by which a slave opposed the power of a tyrant. It was there she had acquired a sacred interest in a hero's life, by having aided in its preservation; it was there that look of gratitude, respect, and passion had sunk to her heart, which awakened its profoundest feelings, and taught her first to feel the bliss of loving and of being loved.

In the mind of woman there is no association of ideas so powerful in its influence, as that which is linked by

the feelings of her heart. It was thus that the disdar-aga and his daughter acquired an influence in the heart of Ida, which neither their characters nor acquirements warranted. In the apartments of Jumeli every thing breathed luxury; but satiety, rather than enjoyment, was every where visible: mind was still wanting to give poignancy to the pleasure of sense; and in that hour of the day, when the animal spirits are most awake, and the faculties most active, Ida found Jumeli slumbering on an ottoman, rather in a state of torpidity than repose---from the want, not from the fatigue of imagination, which leaves so many brilliant, tender visions to the dream that follows its exertion. Jumeli found the presence of Ida a charming relief against herself; a thousand questions were asked, a thousand attentions were

offered---flowers, fruits, sweetmeats, and sherbet were served. The public bath, the donalma, the chelidonia, were subjects of endless discussion; yet both remained silent on the only subject both longed to touch on---Jumeli from art, Ida from delicacy; the lip of the one hung upon the discovery of her passion---the sensibility of the other forbad its revealment; and both blushed when an unguarded word risked the discovery of her secret to the other. In the midst of this little tête-à-tête some one was heard to pass through the mabin-odassa, or anti-chamber of the harem.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jumeli, "it is my father!---It is the disdar!---this is his hour for visiting me, and I forgot to lay my slippers outside the door."*

* See note (s)

Ida lowered her veil; and the disdaraga entered.

When the heart of woman is occupied by a particular object, she becomes insensible to the influence and interest which usually exists between persons of a different sex, even independent of any particular sentiment or prepossession.

Ida, therefore, received Achmet-aga without confusion; she saw only the man who had done her the most material kindness a human power could effect---who had been influenced by her eloquence, and governed by her wishes. She now seized on an opportunity, so little expected, of testifying her gratitude; and her manners and expressions were tinctured with a fascinating warmth, which the turk, delighted and deceived, mistook for more than gratitude!

"And this slave," said Achmet, "for whom your benevolence was interested: has your kinsman yet disposed of him?" "He is still, I believe, in my uncle's house," replied Ida, concealing the emotion this question awakened, in the folds of her veil; and endeavouring to change the tone of conversation, addressed herself at once to the self-love and literary vanity of the disdar, whose reputation as a solitas was not unknown to her, by inquiring after an Arabian bard, whose works she understood were in his possession. This innocent flattery had its effect. The disdar (the extent of whose erudition was limited to a frequent perusal of the Koran, a little knowledge of the Aristotelean philosophy, and a few stanzas of the Arabian poets committed to memory) was gratified; and he spoke of the beauties

of the author she alluded to with what might be deemed enthusiasm for a turk. "It is through the medium of his genius," said Achmet, "that a turkish lover so frequently vents his passions. It is thus, when our own words fail us, we address the object of our secret passion:" and taking the hand of Ida, he repeated the following stanzas:—

"At thy approach, which charms my heart, I fancy 'tis the zephyr which brings with it so sweet an odour, after having passed over fields full of a thousand scented flowers."

Ida, confused, endeavoured to release her hand; but, pressing it still closer, he continued:—

"Extreme is the pleasure he feels on hearing thy footstep, ardent as he is to behold the only object of his wishes, after a thousand languishing moments of fainting hope."

The manner in which these words were uttered, the looks that accompanied them, filled Ida with amazement; and the sudden retreat of Jumeli, whom a look from her father directed, overwhelmed her with shame and apprehension. She arose, and attempted to follow her. "Stay, beautiful athenian," exclaimed the turk, detaining her by her robe; and taking from his bosom a tulip formed of precious stones, he endeavoured to force it on her acceptance. "Receive it," said he, "it is the emblem of love. Its black petals indicate a heart consumed by passion,* its ruby leaves the burning ardour which you have inspired." He seized her hands and kissed them; and the trembling Ida recognized in this act, in the look that accompanied it, the audacious slave of the donalma. A sudden conviction struck her mind—

* See note (t)

she was an object of passion to the most powerful turk in Livadia..... Breathless and terrified, she flew to the casement—it was open—the turk followed her, and she beheld Osmyn standing beneath it. At sight of her he walked hastily away before the turk perceived him.

"What is it you can have to fear from love?" exclaimed the turk, attempting to draw her from the casement.

"Nothing," said Ida, trembling; yet animated by a sudden presence of mind—"I fear nothing; but I hope every thing from that goodness, that generosity I have already experienced. It is by a conduct which they regulate the approbation of a virtuous woman is to be obtained. Release me now—restore me to my attendants, who wait for me in the mabin odassa, and count

on the gratitude of her whom you will have thus a second time made your debtor."

The disdar-aga listened in emotion to an appeal so seldom made to feelings he so seldom betrayed.

"Charming archondessa!" he replied, "I seek only to possess your love. I know not by what means you have obtained this influence over me. It is doubtless my fate: God wills it, and I bow to my destiny, as a true believer should. Go; my wishes only shall oppose themselves to your departure: but remember, I expect your's will again lead you to the harem of my daughter."

Ida, released and free, gave but a momentary reign to the pleasurable conviction of her safety, or rather to her liberation from an oppressive and disagreeable feeling. A sentiment more

congenial took possession of her soul, and Osmyn was its object. He had followed her to Athens—he had hung watchfully on her steps—he was that moment near her—and he had braved an imminent danger to obtain that enjoyment. The heart of the tender Ida thrilled to convictions so delicious and so grateful to its secret feelings. She proceeded through the Acropolis with a lingering step: her eyes, no longer fixed on the earth with their usual expression of downcast timidity, sent round their searching glances in every direction. The aga—the fears, the surprise, he had excited—were already forgotten; and the tender impatience, the timid anxiety of love alone remained.

At last she beheld Osmyn at a distance, gliding among the ruins of a temple. His eye meets her's—she

raises her veil and smiles. He returns this cordial recognition with a salutation at once cold and respectful; yet he approaches not, and the heart of Ida sinks within her bosom. The first pang of love blends itself with its first joys: and Ida, who had not yet dared to ascertain how much she was beloved, now trembled to believe she was not adored. She drew down her veil, and quickened her pace, when a step, which seemed to echo the fall of her own, approached still closer, and Osmyn himself addressed her.

"I perceive," said he abruptly, "you have no male attendant but that little slave. Suffer me to offer my services. It is the eve of a turkish festival. The turks crowd the streets to catch the first glimpse of the new moon, and protection may be found necessary beyond the walls of the Acropolis—Hea-

ven grant it may not be necessary within them !''

Ida assented with a bow to his request. Her bosom was agitated by a tender emotion, yet she observed the point with which Osmyn made his last remark. She understood not its allusion, though she felt its justice, and she made no reply.

" We have also a storm to fear," continued Osmyn. " I observed last night that the vigiliæ set over the greater Hymettus amidst vivid corruscations; and the clouds which now invest mount Parnes are equally portentous of a sudden change of weather."

While he spoke, the clouds, which almost descended on the hill of the Acropolis, partially discharged their heaviness in large drops of rain, and a flash of lightning hurried the timid

attendants of Ida to seek for shelter, while Osmyn, occupied by the care of their mistress, conducted her to the parthenon.

The air had now thickened into an impenetrable mist—sudden gusts of wind drove along the dark descending clouds, till they appeared to roll like the agitated billows of a troubled ocean. The atmosphere, charged with sulphureous particles, was ardent and suffocating. The order of nature seemed inverted—the darkness of a gloomy night shrouded the brilliancy of the noon-day season. All might be said to resemble that elementary conflict which preceded the subjugation of chaos before the creation had subsided into order, harmony, and beauty. Experience had taught the athenians to tremble at omens such as these.

"It is the plague!" exclaimed the

terror-struck attendants of Ida, and plunged into the deepest recesses of the temple.

Ida and Osmyn stood beneath the pronaos No fear of personal danger could assail hearts so touched, so rapt as theirs: but their susceptible feelings, their lively senses, their warm imaginations, vibrated to the impression of surrounding appearances. The spirit of Osmyn seemed to grow with the increasing storm—his high and elevated soul seemed to assimilate with the great sublimity of its awful features. The heart of Ida, rather entendered than intimidated by its effects, felt for the first time how dear that danger becomes which throws us on the solace and protection of those we love.

They were both silent as the brooding sullen spirit of the tempest, which

as yet had declared itself to the eye alone, in all the terrific majesty of clouds and darkness. Ida leaned against a column of the temple—the hand of Osmyn pressed against the column also, and his arm formed an arch above her head, without violating by a touch the gauze that veiled it.

The tempest now burst into all the open war of element. Objects of terror are not they that carry the most intimidating influence to the soul of man? They are sounds—those sounds that speak of eternity in their awful vibration, that seem to breathe the law of nature through the deepest recesses of the earth—that carry with them that character of awe, and terror, and command, which penetrates through every pore, thrills on every nerve, and at once sublimes the nature of man, and renders him more alive to his own in-

consequence, by thus opposing it to the omnipotence of creative intelligence itself.

The thunder's deep and distant murmur came rolling loudly on: sometimes it died away in distant regions—sometimes, expiring in all its mighty force of sound, it terminated in a tremendous crash above the temple of the parthenon, sending a deathless echo amidst its wide and vaulted space, its avenues, and mighty columns; while the clouds, whose electric conflicts spoke in accents so terrific, opened their dark and gloomy bosoms to emit the lightning's flame, which sometimes darted in winding streams through the atmosphere, sometimes flowed in sheets of living fire. The mouldering ruins of different temples which crown the Acropolis were now lit up by the sudden flash, were now wholly involved in impene-

trable obscurity, and frequently gave way in detached pieces to the influence of the hurricane, while the masses of stone, as they fell, mingled their noise with the deeper tones of the distant thunder. The awful parthenon alone bade defiance to the storm: it stood firm and august, amidst the surrounding desolation, the mighty monument of human genius and human virtue, still bidding defiance to time and destiny. It was still worthy to shelter two beings in whom genius, virtue, and love were united—whose pure and elevated souls, whose tender hearts and thrilling senses, were now blended in one common sensation, in one common feeling. The ruins, the temple, the storm, and the lovers, finely harmonized with each other. But while Osmyn contemplated around him, with a sentiment of awful rap-

ture, Ida, swayed by imagination, and influenced by the delicacy of a frame the atmosphere oppressed, gave herself up to those timid fears which the tenderness of woman instinctively cherishes in the presence of him she loves. Slight shudderings crept through her bosom—her respiration grew short—the thunder's tremendous peal conveyed to her soul ideas of annihilation itself—she trembled and was faint. Osmyn suffered the arm which had protected her head to fall gently round her form. An earth-shaking clap of thunder impelled her closer to him—the lightning's dazzling flash shrouded her head in his bosom.

Osmyn trembled; the storm raged, but it was not the storm that shook his nerves—he had fronted it unappalled. Ida grew fainter, and he became less capable of affording her

support. He bent one knee to the earth, and received the sacred trust which love committed to his protection. For the first time hearts so capable of every higher, finer, dearer feeling throbbed with responsive wildness against each other's palpitation; and sighs profoundly breathed, as sweetly mingled. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed; the temple of the parthenon was shaken to its foundation; and the emotion which seemed to agitate the creation, appeared to assimilate and mingle itself with that of love and nature.

Ida was pressed still closer to the heart of Osmyn, and, for the first time, their feelings found a language they had so long and so vainly sought. That timid, gentle, trembling pressure, which virtue consecrated, and love so sweetly understood, conveyed

to each an unspeakable sensation, as if a beam from heaven had passed through their frames, and left some of its divine warmth behind it.

"Oh! my sweet friend, (softly murmured Osmyn) what have I done that I should survive this moment? Oh! Ida, I die, and death is a blessing!"

"Live," faintly returned Ida.

"And for thee, Ida?"

"Osmyn, for me!"

The storm expired with all the abrupt grandeur that had characterised its existence—the clouds dispersed—the heavens smiled in pure and bright serenity—the air breathed a delicious coolness—the aromatic emanations of balsamic plants renovated the languishing senses; and the bright beams of a cloudless sun cheered the drooping spirits. All before had

spoken the awful omnipotence of a deity—all now breathed his benevolence. Osmyn knelt at the feet of Ida—one of her hands was clasped in his: the other, leaning on the column, supported her head, while it shaded her bashful eyes. A happiness pure as it was new—a joy incapable of satiety—a bliss, inspired by the reposing confidence of conscious, of acknowledged love, filled their hearts: a certain home-felt tranquillized felicity occupied their souls: their silence seemed to say, "We love and are beloved; then what have we to fear?" This is the purest, dearest point, of all human affection. Doubt, fear, or jealousy, has not yet shadowed the new-born confidence of revealed and sanctioned passion: the past and the future are alike given to oblivion, and the present moment resembles an eternity.

The attendants of Ida had now crept from the cell of the temple, where they had hurried on the first approach of the storm, and observed with delight that their mistress was safe, and under the protection of the young Greek, whose fame was not unknown to them. They congratulated each other on their mutual safety, and on the return of sun-shine and cool air. Ida and Osmyn, equally alive to the delicious influence of the pure and subtile atmosphere, scarcely regretted the storm to which it owed its beauty. The remembrance of that storm had associated itself with some of the profoundest and most delightful feelings of which their souls were susceptible; and they left the temple occupied by that new sense of happiness, which a conflict of the elements themselves had assisted to develop. Nature appeared

to their eyes in a new and more delightful character: they observed in her aspect, beauties they had not before discerned, and they felt within themselves faculties of happiness, they knew not they before possessed. They proceeded for some time in silence. That lovely bashfulness, which is so inseparable from the first avowal of a first tenderness;—that delicate timidity, which fears to encroach on indulgences already voluntarily lavished, created a little tremulous confusion between the tender mistress, and her ardent friend, which gradually faded away before the anxiety of each to be informed of all that concerned the interest and happiness of the other.

Osmyn eloquently described the feelings with which the departure of Ida had distracted his heart; that

miserable night passed in restless agitation; the emotion with which, for the first time, he caught a glimpse of her father;—the rapidity, the fears, the hopes, with which he rode to Athens, in the faint expectation of beholding her, though but for a moment, during the absence of the archon—his having learnt from a slave her visit at the citadel, and the torture that seized his heart, when he beheld her in an apartment of the aga's harem.

Ida tenderly expressed her unconsciousness of having acted in a manner to give rise to any jealousy, of which the aga was the object. It was love alone, which rendered her so indifferent to others, and so careless of forms, which had been construed by love itself into inconstancy of affection, and volatility of conduct. But

man has too little delicacy, and too much selfishness, to feel and understand this. And Osmyn, charmed with that persuasive eloquence, which induced faith, rather than imposed conviction, listened and smiled, and believed what he did not understand, while he extorted a promise (extorted it with a vehemence almost tyrannical) that Ida would never again visit the citadel, or speak to its governor. Ida betrayed not the resolution she had already made, and the circumstances that had given rise to it. She took pleasure in appearing to submit solely to the command of Osmyn, as if his will alone was the only influence of her conduct. Sweet deceptions! ye are not the faults, but the minor virtues of love.

They neither thought nor spoke of the future destiny of their loves. To

obtain means of a present communication—to receive intelligence of each other's growing tenderness, was all they now looked for, was almost all they now desired. By means of the window of the kiosk, letters could be received. They would sometimes meet at the villa of the diako; and while the pride of the haughty Osmyn, the delicacy of the ender Ida, forbad even the mention of the archon's name, whose prejudices they both knew would be opposed to their happiness, they both agreed that their loves should remain as secret as they were sacred. It was this secrecy which would give the highest zest to a stolen intercourse of pure and animated affection, which it was in vain to discover, since they knew not of one by whom it could be understood—a secrecy which would alone secure the

happiness that could no longer exist, when once discovered to the world.

It was at this point of agreement that they arrived near the entrance to the archon's gardens. For the first time they had felt and understood the bliss of that delightful confidence, which springs from the sensibility and consciousness of a perfect union; and their parting, though tenderly reluctant, was not sad: it was sweeter, it was more gracious to their feelings and their hearts, than any former intercourse had ever been, save that which had united them amidst the war of elements—amidst the ruins of antiquity.

NOTES

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

(a) p. 21. According to Winkleman, the native Grecian countenance is distinguished by the calm and serenity of its features, and by its expression of benevolence and genius. It however lost much of its beauty under the influence of monkish severity, of oppression, of suffering, and of slavery.

(b) p. 34. Every one has a right to pay a decent respect to forms innocent in themselves, and instituted by the government under which he lives; but the individual perception of truth is not to be effected by the belief of others—the reason of each must be paramount to all other authority —all may not be competent to form a just opinion, but a profession of faith must be an act of private judgment, which no authority can controul. But a right so imprescriptible and sacred, bigotry denies to the aggregate of society, though exploded

superstitions furnish sufficient arguments against the pernicious influence of existing intolerance.

(c) p. 39. In the Ottoman empire many persons speak Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Wallachian, German, French, English, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, and Sclavonian.—"There are men, women, and children," says Lady M. W. Montague, "who have the same compass of words in five or six languages."

(d) p. 42. "Charmants conteurs, avides des Romans comme les Arabs du desert, les Grecs ont toujours un fable prete, et vous re-trouverez ces moeurs, cette disposition de l'esprit, chez les Grecs modernes."—GARNERY.

(e) p. 43. Irené, a young Athenian, born of noble but obscure parents, raised to the throne by the charms of her mind and the graces of her person: she set no bounds to her ambition, and was dethroned by Necephorus.

Page 45. The intolerance of the mussulmen towards the christians is only to be equalled by the intolerance of the christians towards each other. The religion of a Greek alone is sufficient to exclude him from all participation in the rights of citizenship. "A Greek lady," says Bisanni, "returning home through a crowd of Turks, one

of them exclaimed in the hearing of my interpreter, 'Oh, how I should like to blow out the brains of that infidel!'"

(f) p. 50. This law is of a very ancient date, and still preserved by the modern Athenians.

(g) p. 62 The kislar-aga has always the appointment of the Athenian magistrates.

(h) p. 63. "As to slave-boys," says a modern traveller, "they are instructed in such accomplishments as are proper for young Turkish gentlemen. They are generally well clothed and fed, sleep upon excellent beds, and their whole service consists in waiting in the anti-chambers to carry in pipes, coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet."—*See Habitable World described, vol. 2, p. 212.*—Lord Baltimore asserts, that if "these young slaves are handsome, they are excessively proud, haughty, and obstinate."

(i) p. 86. To strike a janissary is death according to the laws of Turkey.

(k) p. 111. Lambro Canziani was by birth a Theban; his poverty and inclination equally urged him to a sea life. Intimately acquainted with the coasts of Greece and the Peloponesnus, he distinguished himself even while a common sailor by the intrepidity of his spirit, his love of country,

and his hatred to the Turks. He was yet young, when he was admitted as an officer in the Russian service, and was crowned with laurels at the sieges of Coron and Tschesmé. The empress, always alive to merit, gave him the rank of colonel, and held out to him the hope of playing a great part in his native country. He believed that the Greeks, roused at the name of liberty, would, with the assistance of the Russians, combine against the Ottoman force, and with the assistance of the Greek patriots, he fitted out twelve small vessels. But the Russians, obliged to suspend the war against the Turks, found it more expedient to check the progress of the French revolution than to restore liberty to the oppressed Greeks; and Lambro, after many heroic feats, and important captures, was necessitated to disperse his little fleet.

(l) p. 130. The love of the modern Greeks, like that of the ancient, is, according to de Guise and other travellers, a frenzy rather than a passion.

(m) p. 138. "Il existe encore dans la Grece quelques hommes capables de rappeller la memoire de leur ancetres."—*Choiseuil Voyage Pittoresque.*

(n) p. 141. The Donalma, or rejoicing for the birth of the grand signor's children.

(o) p. 220. A medrassa is a description of college. The solitas, or mature students, arrive at the first dignities in the state. One of them obtained a distinguished reputation for having read the koran over twenty-four thousand times.

(p) p. 224. "The despotism of the grand sultan," says de Tott, "cannot sieze the person of a young Greek girl, whatever passion she may have excited in his heart. And though," he adds, "we still find among the Greeks the same beautiful forms as served Praxiteles with his model, the Turkish annals furnish no example of such an enormity."

(q) p. 231. "The Greeks," says Abbe Sewin, "behold unequal alliances with sovereign contempt, and the shame is reflected on their offspring. The modern Greeks call the children of such marriages, 'the children of a slave,' and exactly observe the ancient precept, 'If you marry, marry an equal.'"

(r) p. 239. According to Habesci and others, the infidelity of the Turkish ladies, and their want of delicacy in affairs of the heart, are notorious.

(s) p. 242. This little ceremony always pre-

vents intrusion; and it is a point in Turkish gallantry to observe it with deference and respect.

(t) p. 246. Flowers always furnish a Turkish lover with a medium for his passion, and a nosegay is frequently the only interpreter between an enamoured mussulman and his mistress until she becomes his wife.

END OF VOL. II.

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